National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Selections.

THE PRESIDENT STRIKING HIS FRIENDS.

THE President's Missouri Letter we have read with profound regret. It is temperate, honest, and candid; but it is wrong. Weighing both sides of the argument, he gives judgment kindly but unrighteously. Indeed, in saying that he weighed both sides of the question, we give him more than his due. The address of the Delegation, as it stands, the President does not answer, but first misstates its points, and then answers these misstatements. His special pleading is on points which the address did not bring into controversy. He swings his scythe among some men of straw, but we do not see that he has cut down Mr. Drake. The President puts on glasses to scrutinize some of the minor details of the address, but bandages his eyes against looking at its one great feature. The central fact to which the President's attention was specially invited, he skillfully ignores. This was, that in Missouri the policy of the Federal government was constantly shaped to the interests of the Slave Power. Mr. Lincoln's response does not relieve the anxiety of the friends of freedom concerning this chronic calamity to the Union cause. As friends of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, we have a better right than his opponents to speak the plain truth to his face. The letter to the Missouri Delegation is a scrawny fruit from the stalk that yielded the golden apple to the Illinois Convention.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not willing fault-finders—not captious critics. The President is a man whose persistent and ineradicable good-intent keeps criticism half unarmed. The bad argument which he has put together, we have no relish for picking to pieces in detail. At this remote distance from Missouri, we cannot say from satisfactory knowledge how far the special and individual facts in the controversy may be over-stated in St. Louis or under-appreciated in Washington. We do not undertake to say what are the merits or demerits of the Missouri State Militia, nor what sentinel slept on the night Lawrence was burned, nor what fraction of that strange compound called Gov. Gamble is made up of disloyalty or how much of incompetency, nor whether Gen. Schofield ought to be plucked up by the root or simply pruned in the branch. We will not say that on all these points the Delegation were altogether in the right and the President altogether in the wrong. But how can we help saying that the President, whether right or wrong in these particulars, has grieved to the heart his best friends and supporters, by closing his ears against the one single and groaning burden of their grievances, which is, that he permits slavery to override freedom in that State, and appoints his enemies to govern his friends? Is the President aware of the magnitude of his blunder? While seeking to put down a rebellion in the South, he puts down the chiefest loyalists in the West. While waging war against a formidable enemy, he strangely strikes down his stanchest supporters. While attempting to save Missouri to the Union, he marvelously throws the State out of the hands of its trustiest defenders, and takes sides with a suspected opposition who at all times have been willing to compromise with the rebellion.

Who are the Radicals of Missouri? They are the finest fibre of the State—the best heads and hearts among the people. Their loyalty, beyond other men's, has been tried in the furnace and found pure gold. Their patriotism is not worn like a garment for fashion, but ingrained as a principle of their lives. Their sufferings are a story yet untold—of houses burned, of goods destroyed, of families made homeless, of graves multiplied. And all for what? For a manly and courageous espousal of the cause of freedom—for an unfaltering devotion to the safety and honor of the Republic! Dwelling for years in the midst of slavery—not hitherto known as Abolitionists—they have not been so blind to the signs of the times as not to discern that slavery is the rebellion, and the rebellion is slavery, and when either falls the other cannot stand. They have come slowly to their anti-slavery opinions, taught by a bitter experience. They are such men as Abraham Lincoln would be were he to live among them and suffer with them. It is a thousand pities that he is walled up in Washington! If, before writing his letter, he could have spent a week in Missouri, and been awakened every night by the crack of a prowling rifle in the neighborhood, he would have answered Mr. Drake with Yes instead of No. It is by such logic as this—of perilous days and sleepless nights—of barns set on fire and cattle stolen—of houses entered and sacked—of good men left slain at their own doors—that the Radicals of Missouri have been persuaded into their radicalism. They have well earned their honorable name!

On the breaking out of the war, the anti-slavery men in Missouri were a small minority. At that time, throughout *all* the States the radical men were a minority. The wise men in any country are few, till Providence teaches the multitude by a lesson of experience. With the progress of the war, there was a progress of free sentiment in Missouri. The seed corn which Abraham Lincoln lashed out of Fremont's hand fell into the soil, and has already come to a harvest. Every succeeding election demonstrated the growth of the Radical party. It gathered to itself the best men of all the old parties. It is now the hope of Missouri, on which she builds her prospective freedom and prosperity. Now against this party the President has turned his face, to smile coy smiles upon its enemies. Is he wise? He has not committed a graver fault since the day he quenched Fremont's proclamation. If he does not see his error in the bud, he will taste its bitterness in the fruit!

Why has the war been so long drawn out? Because the President at the beginning—as if pre-determined to make his hard work harder—hung round his neck the millstone of the Border States. Does he not wear Kentucky like a collar to this day? A dog with a collar fights slow. Is it not high time for the Commander-in-Chief to learn that a policy which favors slavery fosters the rebellion? If Jefferson Davis, instead of Abraham Lincoln, had been called to decide whether the petition from Missouri should be granted or denied, would he not have done just what the President has done—sent home the Delegation with a denial ringing in their ears? Does this answer of the President, therefore, strike a blow at the rebellion, or put a prop under it? The foolish child's play, misnamed statesmanship, which characterized the whole second year of the President's term, was retrieved by the changed policy ushered in with the decree of Emancipation. The new year crowned itself with new hopes. Those hopes have been fulfilled with many noble victories during the year. But now that we are drawing nigh to the Promised Land, are we to be led back to the flesh-pots of Egypt? Are we to return once more to the early trifling with the rebellion? Did the President strike slavery so hard on the first of January that he now seeks to parry the blow? The President disappointed us long ago in Missouri—is he seeking to hide the darkness of that memory by overspreading it with a second shadow?

One thing is certain: Mr. Lincoln cannot make the Radicals of Missouri his enemies if he tries. Indeed, he has been known to say that he could count always upon radical men, and could therefore afford to offend them for the sake of coquetting with the Democrats. But is such a policy worthy of a man so generous by nature as Abraham Lincoln? The letter of Mr. Drake is admirable in spirit—calm, patriotic, patient. We hope it is a foretoken of the temper with which all the Radicals of Missouri will receive the President's disappointing decision. But as faithful are the rebukes of a friend, and the kisses of an enemy deceitful, let the President remember that the just criticism which his ill-advised letter has provoked, proves his sharpest critics to be his best friends, while the fulsome praises which he is now receiving for it from the Copperhead press, is proof only of a hidden enmity which for craft's sake has broken out into smiles.

The loyal men of Missouri, and the loyal men of East Tennessee, are a twin band of patriots whose trials, sacrifices, and fidelity ought to win for themselves an equal share of the President's sympathy. But let these stanch Missourians, these champions of freedom and the Union, know that they are not forgotten by a grateful country. The pulses of thousands of hearts in the East beat in sympathy for these brave men of the West. Their trials are great, but their courage is high, their patience strong, and their triumph shall come in time. But the reflection saddens our minds that the Chief Executive of the nation is unwittingly putting off instead of hastening this day. We believe that when the war shall finally yield its banners into the hands of peace, and the tedious struggle shall be retraced in retrospect, the President of the United States—whom may God now and evermore bless!—will look back with remorse upon the too-slowly developed policy of freedom with which he was constantly afraid to venture upon victory.—*Theodore Tilton, in The Independent.*

BRITISH INTERVENTION AGAINST SLAVERY.

From Mr. Sumner's Speech on Our Foreign Relations.

THERE is one long-continued intervention by Great Britain which speaks now with controlling power; and it is on this account that I have reserved it for the close of what I have to say on this head. Though not without original shades of dark, it has for more than half a century been a shining example to the civilized world. I refer to that *Intervention against Slavery* which, from its first adoption, has been so constant and brilliant as to make us forget the earlier *Intervention for Slavery*, when, for instance, Great Britain at the peace of Utrecht intervened to extort the detestable privilege of supplying slaves to Spanish America at the rate of 4,800 yearly for the space of thirty years, and then again at the peace of Aix la Chapelle higgled for a yet longer sanction to this ignoble intervention; nay, it almost makes us forget the kindred intervention, at once more sordid and criminal, by which this Power counteracted all efforts for the prohibition of the slave trade even in its own colonies, and thus helped to fasten slavery upon Virginia and Carolina. The abolition of the slave trade by act of Parliament in 1807 was the signal for a change of history.

But curiously, it was the whites who gained the first fruits of this change by a triumphant intervention for the suppression of Christian slavery in the Barbary States. The old hero of Acre, Sir Sidney Smith, released from his long imprisonment in France, sought to organize a "holy league" for this Intervention; the subject was discussed at the Congress of Vienna; and the agents of Spain and Portugal, anxious for the punishment of their piratical neighbors, argued that, because Great Britain had abolished for itself the traffic in African slaves, therefore it must see that whites were no longer enslaved in the Barbary States. The argument was less logical than humane. But Great Britain undertook the work. With a fleet complete at all points, consisting of five line-of-battle ships, five heavy frigates, four bomb-vessels, and five gun-brigs, Lord Exmouth approached Algiers, where he was joined by a considerable Dutch fleet, anxious to take part in this Intervention. "If force must be resorted to," said the Admiral in his General Orders, "we have the consolation of knowing that we fight in the sacred cause of humanity and cannot fail of success." A single day was enough—with such a force in such a cause. The formidable castles of the great slavemonger were battered to pieces, and he was compelled to sign a treaty, confirmed under a salute of twenty-one guns, which in its first article stipulated "The Abolition of Christian slavery forever." Glorious and beneficent Intervention! Not inferior to that renowned instance of antiquity, where the Carthaginians were required to abolish the practice of sacrificing their own children; a treaty which has been called the noblest of history, because it was stipulated in favor of human nature. The Admiral, who had thus triumphed, was hailed as an Emancipator. He received a new rank in the peerage, and a new blazonry on his coat of arms. The rank is of course continued in his family, and on their shield, in perpetual memory of this great transaction, is still borne *a Christian slave holding aloft the cross and dropping his broken fetters.* But the personal satisfactions of the Admiral were more than rank or heraldry. In his dispatch to the government, describing the battle and written at the time, he says: "To have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Divine Providence for bringing to reason a ferocious government and destroying forever the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, can never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it." (Osler's Life of Exmouth, pp. 297, 334, 432.)

But I have said too much with regard to an instance, which, though beautiful and important, may be regarded only as a parenthesis in the grander and more extensive Intervention against African slavery, which was already organizing, destined at last to embrace the whole Human Family. Even before Wilberforce triumphed in Parliament, Great Britain intervened with Napoleon, in 1806, to induce him to join in the abolition of the slave trade: but he flatly refused. What France would not then yield, was extorted from Portugal in 1810; from Sweden shortly afterward; and from Denmark in 1814. An ineffectual attempt was made to enlist Spain, even by the temptation of pecuniary subsidies; and also to enlist the restored monarch of France, Louis XVIII., even by the offer of a sum of money outright or the cession of a West India Island, in consideration of the desired abolition. Had gratitude to a benefactor prevailed, these powers could not have resisted; but it was confessed by Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, that there was a distrust of the British government "even among the better classes of people," who thought that its zeal in this behalf was prompted by a desire to injure the French Colonies and commerce, rather than by benevolence. But the British Minister was more successful with Portugal, which was induced, by pecuniary equivalents, to execute a Supplementary Treaty in January, 1815. This was followed by the declaration of the Congress of Vienna, on motion of Lord Castlereagh, 15th February, 1815, denouncing the African slave trade, "as inconsistent with the principles of humanity and universal benevolence." Meanwhile Napoleon returned from Elba, and what the British Intervention failed to accomplish with the Bourbon Monarch, and what the Emperor had once flatly refused, was now spantaneously done by him, doubtless in the hope of conciliating British sentiment. His hundred days of power were signalized by an ordinance abolishing the slave trade in France and her colonies. Louis XVIII. once again restored by British arms and with the shadow of Waterloo upon France, could not do less than ratify this imperial ordinance by a royal assurance that "the traffic was henceforth forever forbidden to all the subjects of his most Christian Majesty." Holland came under the same influence and accepted the restitution of her colonies, except the Cape of Good Hope and Guiana, on condition of the entire abolition of the slave trade in the restored colonies, and also everywhere else beneath her flag. Spain was the most indocile; but this proud monarchy, under whose auspices the African slave trade first came into being, at last yielded. By the Treaty of Madrid, of 22d September, 1817, extorted by Great Britain, it stipulated the immediate abolition of the trade north of the Equator, and also, after 1820, its abolition everywhere, in consideration of £400,000, the price of Freedom, to be paid by the other contracting party. In vindication of this Intervention, Wilberforce declared in Parliament that, "the grant to Spain would be more than repaid to Great Britain in commercial advantages by the opening of a great continent to British industry"—all of which was impossible if the slave trade was allowed to continue under the Spanish flag.

At the Congress of Aix la Chapelle in 1818, and of Verona in 1822, Great Britain continued her system of intervention against slavery. Her primacy in this cause was recognized by European Powers. It was the common remark of continental publicists that she "made the cause her own." (1 Phillimore International Law, 330.) One of them portrays her vividly "since 1810 waging incessant war against the principle of the slave trade, and by this crusade, undertaken in the name of Humanity, making herself the declared protectress of the African race." (*Cussy, Causes Celebres de Droit Maritime*, Vol. i. p. 157, Vol. ii. pp. 362–63.) These are the words of a French authority. According to him, it is nothing less than "an incessant war" and a "crusade," which she had waged and the position which she has achieved is that of "Protectress of the African race." In this character she has not been content with imposing her magnanimous system upon the civilized world, but she has carried it among the tribes and chiefs of Africa, who by this omnipresent intervention were summoned to renounce a barbarous and criminal custom. By a Parliamentary Report, it appears that in 1850, there were twenty-four treaties in force, between Great Britain and foreign civilized Powers, for the suppression of the slave trade, and also forty-two similar treaties between Great Britain and the native chiefs of Africa.

But this Intervention was not only by treaties; it was also by correspondence and circulars. And here I approach a part of the subject which illustrates the vivacity of this Intervention. All British ministers and consuls were so many pickets on constant guard in the outposts where they resided. They were held to every service by which the cause could be promoted, even to translating and printing documents against the slave trade, especially in countries where unhappily it was still pursued. There was the Pope's Bull of 1839, which Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to transmit for this purpose to his agents in Cuba, Brazil, and even in Turkey, some of whom were unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain its publication, although, curiously enough, it was published in Turkey. (*Parliamentary Papers*, 1841, *Vol.* xxx. *Slave Trade*, Class B, pp. 34, 197, 223; Class C, p. 73, Class D, p. 15).

Such a zeal could not stop at the abolition of the traffic. Accordingly, Great Britain, by act of Parliament, in 1834, enfranchised all the slaves in her own possessions, and thus again secured to herself the primacy of a lofty cause. The intervention was now openly declared to be against slavery itself. But it assumed its most positive character while Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, and I say this sincerely to his great honor. Throughout his long life, among all the various concerns in which he has acted, there is nothing which will be remembered hereafter with such gratitude. By his diplomacy her Majesty's government constituted itself into a vast Abolition Society with the whole world for its field. It was in no respect behind the famous World's Convention against slavery, held at London in June, 1840, with Thomas Clarkson, the pioneer Abolitionist, as President; for the strongest declarations of this Convention were adopted expressly by Lord Palmerston as "the sentiments of her Majesty's government," and communicated officially to all British functionaries in foreign lands. The Convention declared "the utter injustice of slavery in all its forms; and the evil it inflicted upon its miserable victims; and the necessity of employing every means, moral, pacific, and religious, for its complete abolition—an object most dear to the members of the Convention, and for the consummation of which they are especially assembled." These words became the words of the British government, and, in circular letters, were sent over the world. *Parliamentary Papers*, 1841, Vol. xxx, Class B, p. 33).

But it was not enough to declare the true principles. They must be enforced. Spain and Portugal hung back. The Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society was sent "to endeavor to create in these countries a public feeling in favor of the abolition of slavery," and the British Minister at Lisbon was desired by Lord Palmerston "to afford all the assistance and protection in his power for promoting the object of his journey." (*Ibid* p. 128.) British officials in foreign countries sometimes backslided. This was corrected by another circular addressed to all the four quarters of the globe, setting forth, "that it would be unfitting that any officer, holding an appointment under the British government should, either directly or indirectly, hold or be interested in slave property." The Parliamentary Papers, which attest the universality of this instruction, show the completeness with which it was executed. The Consul at Rio Janeiro, in slaveholding Brazil, had among his domestics three negro slaves, "one a groom and the other a waiter, and a woman he was forced to hire as a nurse to his children"; but he discharged them at once under the anti-slavery discipline of the British Foreign office, and Lord Palmerston in a formal dispatch "expresses his satisfaction." (*Ibid*, 1842, Vol. xlviii. Class B, p. 732.) In Cuba, at the time of the reception there was not a single resident officer holding under its British Crown "who was entirely free from the charge of countenancing slavery." But only a few days afterward, it was officially reported, that there was "not a single British officer residing there who had not relinquished or was not at least preparing to relinquish the odious practice." (*Ibid*, p. 206.) This was quick work. Thus was the practice according to the rule. Every person holding an office under the British government, was constrained to set his face against slavery, and *the way was by having nothing to do with it, even in employing or hiring the slave of another; nothing, directly or indirectly*

But Lord Palmerston, acting in the name of the British government, did not stop with changing British officials into practical Abolitionists whenever they were in foreign countries. He sought to enlist other European governments in the same policy, and to this end requested them to forbid all their functionaries residing in slaveholding communities to be interested in slave property or in any holding or hiring of slaves. Denmark for a moment hesitated, from an unwillingness to debar its officers in slave countries from acting according to the laws where they resided, when the Minister at once cited in support of his request the example of Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Naples, and Portugal, all of which without delay had yielded to this British Intervention; and Denmark ranged herself in the list. (*Ibid*, p. 42, Vol. xliv, Class C, pp 7–15.) Nor was this indefatigable Propaganda confined in its operations to the Christian Powers. With a sacred pertinacity it reached into distant Mohammedan regions, where slavery was imbedded not only in the laws, but in the habits, the social system, and the very life of the people, and called upon the government to act against it. No impediment stood in the way; no prejudice, national or religious. To the Schah of Persia, ruling a vast, outlying slave empire. Lord Palmerston announced the desire of the British government "to see the condition of slavery abolished in every part of the world"; "that it conceived much good might be accomplished even in Mohammedan countries by steady perseverance and by never omitting to take advantage of favorable opportunities," and "that the Schah would be doing a thing extremely acceptable to the British government and nation if he would issue a decree making it penal for a Persian to purchase slaves." (*Ibid.* 1842, Vol. xliv. Class D, p. 70.) To the Sultan of Turkey, whose mother was a slave, whose wives were all slaves, and whose very counsellors, Generals, and Admirals were originally slaves, he made a similar appeal, and he sought to win the dependent despot by reminding him that only in this way could he hope for that good will which was so essential to his government; "that the continued support of Great Britain will for some years to come be an object of importance to the Porte; *that this support cannot be given effectually unless the sentiments and opinions of the majority of the British Nation shall be favorable to the Turkish government, and that the whole of the British nation unanimously desire beyond almost anything else to put an end to the practice of making slaves.*" (*Ibid*, 1841, Vol. xxx. Class D, pp. 15–18; also, *Ibid*, 1842, Vol. xliv. Class D, p. 73.) Such at that time was the voice of the British people. Since Cromwell pleaded for the Vaudois, no nobler voice had gone forth. The World's Convention against slavery saw itself transfigured, while platform speeches were transfused into diplomatic notes. The Convention, earnest for Universal Emancipation, declared that "*the friendly interposition* of Great Britain could be employed for no nobler purpose"; and, as if to crown its work, in an address to Lord Palmerston, humbly and earnestly implored his Lordship "to use his high authority for connecting the overthrow of slavery with the consolidation of peace"; and all these words were at once adopted in foreign dispatches as expressing the sentiments of her Majesty's government. (*Ibid*, 1841, Vol. xxx., Class D, pp. 15, 16.) Better watchwords there could not be, nor any more worthy of the British name. *There can be no consolidation of peace without the overthrow of slavery.*

This is as true now as when first uttered. Therefore is Great Britain still bound to her original faith; nor can she abandon the cause of which she was the declared Protectress without the betrayal of Peace, as well as the betrayal of Liberty.

But even now while I speak this same conspicuous fidelity to a sacred cause is announced by the recent arrivals from Europe. The ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, first attempted by the early Pharaohs, and at last undertaken by French influence under the auspices of the Pacha of Egypt, is most zealously opposed by Great Britain—for the declared reason, that in its construction "forced labor" is employed, which this Power cannot in conscience sanction. Not even to complete this vast improvement, bringing the East and the West near together, for which mankind has waited throughout long centuries, will Great Britain depart from the rule which she has so gloriously declared. Slavery is wrong; therefore it cannot be employed. The canal must stop if it cannot be built without "forced labor."

TO PERSONS WHO WISH TO COMMAND COLORED TROOPS.

HAVING received from various persons who wish to command Colored troops inquiries as to the proper mode of making application for Examination, we addressed a note to Gen. Casey, of the Examining Board, and received the following response, which we print for the benefit of all concerned:

ROOMS OF BOARD OF EX. OFFICERS COL'D TROOPS,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1863.

SIR: In answer to yours of yesterday, I have to state that candidates for examination are examined in the order of date of their permission from the War Department. The only exception to this rule is in cases of officers in the service, when their services are needed with their respective commands.

At present there is a large number awaiting examination—say 150. We examine from six to eight each day.

The Department is about to add to the strength of the Board, and when this is done we will be able to do twice the amount of labor, and examine at the rate of from 12 to 16 per day.

Please advise all who apply to you for information, that it is better to be well prepared for an examination than to be in haste to appear for examination—and that there is not much danger of rejection of an officer who can show his ability to command.

Very respectfully, SILAS CASEY, Maj.-Gen.

The following is a schedule of information:

The War Department has established several Boards for the examination of applicants for commissions in Colored regiments. The Board located at Washington is under the management and control of Maj.-Gen. Silas Casey.

Any person wishing such appointment must make his application to Major C. W. Foster, A. A. General, Washington, D. C. His application should be accompanied by such recommendations as will satisfy Major Foster that the applicant is a proper person to appear before the Board. Then the applicant will receive a permit from the War Department which entitles him to an examination. He then reports to the clerk of the Board, who records his permit, and his examination takes place in the order of date of permit. Citizens need not report in person for the purpose of recording their permit—this can be done by letter, and in answer the clerk will inform him about the time when his turn will come.

MR. BEECHER IN EDINBURGH.

SPEECH IN THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL.

From The Caledonian Mercury, Oct. 15.

LAST night the friends of Freedom in this city had a banquet, which cost them nothing, worth all that has been given in Edinburgh during the past year. Never in its history was the Free Church Hall crammed as it was last night to do honor to a distinguished American divine, and to proclaim to the world that in spite of every appearance to the contrary, and all the misrepresentations of a pro-slavery Press, the heart of "Auld Reekie" is sound both on the subject of slavery and the relations of the Northern and Southern States of America with regard to it. To say that the Hall was crammed is not enough to give to those who were not present an idea of the dense masses of ladies and gentlemen who occupied every foot of space in centre and galleries, aisles and corridors. Thousands had to go away hopelessly disappointed half-an-hour before the meeting was announced to take place, and so compact was the crowd outside, every one apparently expecting that a vacancy at some moment might be made in his favor, that the Chairman, Mr. Beecher himself, and the friends who were to accompany both to the platform, were more than a quarter of an hour behind time in their efforts to get within the building. Then, as to the speech of Mr. Beecher itself, what an oration! how abundant in impressive facts! how powerful and convincing in unanswerable arguments! how keen and caustic in its wit and satire! and how perfect and polished in its imagery and diction! We shall not attempt to describe it. The speaker must have realized in manner and matter all that his admirers here expected of him; and as to his appreciation of his cause, who, after reading his brilliant oration, will not sympathize with them in their afflictions, if they do not pity them in the dread calamity that has overtaken them in seeing torn into shreds and tatters every vestige of covering under which they have sought to belie the free and vindicate the cause of the slave States of America? To one and all we say, read every line of the speech as we have fully reported it in our columns to-day. It is a treat not often given and not often received. Let it be recollected, too, that it was applauded to the echo, that passages of it evoked long-continued thunders of applause, and that though there were present a few unhappy mortals of a mentally waddling character, who indicated the breadth and extent of their intellectual calibre by occasionally hissing sentiments which they either did not understand or failed to appreciate, the meeting was unanimous in its cordial vote of thanks to the speaker, and unanimous too in passing the resolution that gave practical support to the opinions he enunciated and the cause he maintained. The meeting and the speech will be long remembered; let us hope, if justice is done to both by the organic revilers of the North and supporters of the South, the effect will be as the friends of freedom here and everywhere could wish it to be.

Mr. Beecher's Speech.

The Chairman, Mr. Duncan M'Laren, after an appropriate introductory address, introduced Mr. Beecher to the meeting.

Mr. Beecher, on coming forward, was received with loud and prolonged cheers and some hissing. When silence had been restored, he said—I should regret to have my thoughts and associations of this, the most picturesque city of the world, disturbed so far as they would be if I thought that you needed so much preparatory pleading to hear me (loud applause and laughter). I have lived in a very stormy time in my own land, where men who did not believe in my sentiments had pecuniary and political interests in disturbing meetings, but neither in East nor West nor in all the Middle States have I thought it necessary to ask an audience to hear me—not even in America, the country of mobs (loud cheers and laughter). I am not to-night a partisan seeking for proselytes. I have no other interests to serve but those which are common to all good men—the interests of truth, of justice, of liberty, and of good morals. If I differ with you in the way in which they are to be promoted, what then? Cannot you hear opinions that you do not believe? I am so firm in my convictions that I can bear to hear anybody, however much opposed to me (cheers). It is not then so much to persuade you to my views, though I should be glad to do that, as it is to give a full and frank expression of them, supposing that there are many here that would be interested in a statement of affairs, as they are now transpiring on the continent of America, if for no other reason than for the philosophic interest there must be in these passing phenomena. It may be to you but a simple question of national psychology; it may be to some of you a matter of sympathy; but whether it be philosophic interest or whether it be humanitarian and moral interest, it shall be my business to speak for the most part of what I do know, and so to speak that you shall be in no doubt whatever of my convictions (loud cheers, and laughter). America has been going through an extraordinary revolution unconsciously and interiorly, which began when her present national form was assumed, which is now developing itself, but which existed and was in progress just as much before as now that it is seen. The period of germination and growth of the union of the separate colonies is threefold. The first colonies that planted the American shores were separate—jealous of their separateness, sent from the mother country with a strong hatred of oppression. They went with an intense individualism, and sought to set up each party its little colony, which thought—we will have a place on this continent, where we shall be free to follow our convictions and the dictates of our conscience (loud applause). And nothing is more characteristic of the earlier parties of colonists than their jealous isolation, for fear that even contact would contaminate. Two or three efforts were made within the first twenty or twenty-five years of their existence to bring them together in union. Delegates met and parted, met again and parted. Indian wars drove them together. It became by external dangers necessary that there should be a union of those early colonies, but there was a fear that in going into union they should lose something of the sovereignty that belonged to them as colonial States or colonies. The first real union that took place was that of 1643, between the colonies of what is now New England. It is a little remarkable, I say in passing, that the Fugitive Slave clause of our Constitution is founded almost in so many words on the first articles of federation that were made in 1643 between these little New England colonies. This earliest union was the type and model of later ones. With various alterations of fortune the country grew, but held a kind of irregular union as exigencies pressed upon them. It was not until 1777, a year and a half after the Declaration of Independence, and while the colonies were at full war with the mother country, that what is called the Articles of Federation were adopted; and this is the second period of union when the Southern States, the Middle States, and the States of New England came together in Federation, which was delared in the preamble to be perpetual (cheers). But about ten years after these articles were framed, they were found to be utterly unable to meet the exigencies of the times; and in 1787 the present Constitution of the United States was adopted by convention, and at different dates thereafter, ratified by the thirteen States that constituted the Union. Now, during all this period of the first Union of 1643, the second Union of 1777, and the third or final Union—the present one—of 1787, there is one thing to be remarked, and that is the jealousy of State Independence. They were feeling their way towards nationality; and the rule and measure of the wisdom of every step was how to maintain individuality with nationality. That was their problem. It never had been found out for them. They had some analogies, but they were but analogies. In that wilderness, for the first time, the experiment was just about to be made practically. How can there be absolute independence in local government with absolute nationality? That was what they were trying to find out. Slavery was only incidental during all this long period; but in reading from contemporaneous documents and debates that took place in conventions both for confederation and final union, it is remarkable that the difficulties which arose were difficulties of representation, difficulties of taxation, difficulties of tariff and revenue, and so far as we can find, neither North nor South anticipated in the future any of those dagers which have overspread the continent with the black cloud of slavery. The dangers they most feared they have suffered least from—the dangers they have suffered most from, they did not at all or little anticipate. We now come to the period of distinct systems, when there began to be within the country the evolution of two distinct forces—that in the South and that in the North. Let us look at the South first. She was undergoing unconscious transmutation. She did not know it. She did not know what held her. She felt bad (laughter)—put her hand on her stomach sometimes (renewed laughter); on her heart sometimes; on her head sometimes; but had no doctor to tell her what it was until too late, and when told she would not believe (laughter and cheers). The first period was that of weakness—the wane of slavery in the South; for it is a fact that when the colonies were united in their final Union, slavery was not only waning in the Middle and Southern States, but when they went into this union, slavery was perishing partly by climate in the North, and still more by the conviction of the people and by the unproductive character of slavery in farming. It can only be made profitable in breeding and in plantations; and in the North it never was very profitable, though somewhat convenient as a household matter; for if you can get a good chambermaid and a good cook, it is worth while to keep them (loud laughter). They found in New England there was only the shadow of slavery—household slavery. As it was in New England, so it was in Virginia, and so it was also in Carolina. The first period of the South was the wane and weakness of slavery. Nevertheless, it existed. The second period is the increase of slavery, and its apologetic defence; for, with the invention of the cotton gin, an extraordinary demand began to rise for cotton. Slave labour began to be more and more active, and the price of slaves rose; but still there was a number of years within my remembrance—and I am not a patriarch—there was a period in which men said slavery is among us, but we don't know how to get rid of it; we accept it as an evil, we wish we had a better system, but it is a misfortune and not a fault. I remember the apologetic period. Then came the next period, one of revolution as to the inferior races of the South, or a total and entire revolution of the doctrines of the South on the question of human rights and human nature. That dates from Mr. Calhoun; and from the hour that Mr. Calhoun began to teach, there began to be a silent process—I call it a retrogression in morals. They no longer apologised for slavery; they began to defend it; to teach that it was the normal condition of an inferior race; to teach that the seeds and history of it were in the Word of God; to teach that the only condition in which a republic can be prosperous is that in which there is an aristocracy that owns the labor of the community. That was the doctrine of the South, and with that doctrine there began to be ambitious designs, not only for the maintenance, but for the propagation of slavery; and this period of propagation and aggression constitutes the fourth and last period of the revolution of the South. They have passed through a whole cycle of changes. These changes followed certain great tendencies, and were for a long time unconscious to those who were the subjects of them. That system the South accepted in all its consequences—the doctrine of the legitimacy of slavery. They gave up the controversy, and accepted the institution—praised it, loved it, defended it, sought to maintain it, and sought to spread it; but you cannot find, during all the period of the last fifteen years a voice, printed or uttered, I believe, in the cotton States of the South, which deplored slavery. All believed and praised it, and found authority for it in God's Word. Politicians praised it, merchants praised it, the whole South sang psalms for the new-found truth that man was born to be owned by man (loud cheers). This change of doctrine in the South made it quite indispensable either that the South should be annoyed, and forced, and irritated by a Constitution which, with all its faults, still carried the principle in it of human rights, God-given, and not to be taken by man except in punishment for crime, or take the government into their own hands. That Constitution and policy, which went with it from the very first, began to gnaw, and irritate, and fret the South for having adopted the doctrine of slavery. How could they live in peace under a Constitution, under historic documents that were all the time propounding manhood and the dignity of liberty? It became necessary that they should do one of two things, either that they should give up slavery, or that they should appropriate the government themselves, and in some way or other take out of the Constitution this venom of liberty, and adopt a policy to favor Southern ideas. They took the last course. They seized the government, and for fifty years the Constitution of the United States has been the South's saddle, and they rode on it whithersoever they would. The policy of the country for the last 50 years was Southern. Was a tariff wanted? It was made a Southern tariff. Was a tariff oppressive? The Southerns overthrew it. Was a tariff wanted again? The Southern policy declared it to be necessary, and it was passed. Was more territory wanted? The South must have its way. Was any man to be placed? If the South opposed it, he had no chance whatever. For fifty years the most of the men who sat as judges, who sat in the Presidential chair and in the courts had to base their opinions on slavery or on Southern views. All the filibustering, all the intimidations of foreign Powers, all so-called snubbing of European Powers, was during the period in which the public sentiment of the country was controlled by the South, and the policy of the country shaped by the South; and nothing proves to me the depth to which Christianity has sunk in England more than the fact that she has her worst enemy sitting with her arms of sympathy about her neck (loud cheers). There was at the same time a revolution going on in the North unconsciously. The first period of revolution begun in the North was the period that might be called the foundation-laying. Material wealth began to be amassed, manufacturing labor and material labor flourished, schools were being multiplied, colleges were being established. It was a period in which the North was active in consolidating power. Then, for many years—and it is a count of about thirty years ago—the North began to be assailed by bold prophets of the truth, and a crusade was commenced against slavery (cheers). I was then a boy, but old enough to be a spectator and a sympathizer. The men, for the most part, have gone down into their graves—their names not yet honored as they will be, for the day is coming when round about their names, and the names of all who have been faithful to the sacred cause of liberty, there will be hung garlands and star lights, and around the brows of those who have betrayed their country to despotism will be hung lurid lights and curses (cheers). The most of those men have gone down to their graves. A few honored men yet remain; but it seems to me that one of the subjects that might have secured the attention of the Social Science Association was the peculiar reason why—when these early champions of liberty began to preach the doctrine that the slaves of America shall have their freedom—why the whole North seemed to be seized with insanity. The man who was an Abolitionist when I was twenty-one years of age might bid farewell to any hopes of political advancement; and the merchant who held these opinions was soon scarce of customers. I do not remember that there was anything in the world that so ruined a man—not crime itself was so fatal to a man's standing in the country—as to be known to hold these Abolition sentiments. The Churches sought to keep it out; schools and colleges sought to keep it out; the Synods and Conventions sought to keep it out, but still the cause progressed; and still, as is always the case with everything that is right and proper, the more it was spoken of and canvassed, though they scoffed at the men who held those sentiments, and though such men as Garrison were dragged through the streets of Boston with a haltar round their neck, the more the cause prospered, because it was true (cheers). The insanity at last abated, for the command came to the North from on high—"I command ye depart out of her"—and the nation wallowed on the ground and foamed at the mouth, and became clean; for the evil spirit of the North passed out (cheers). The North was poisoned, the Middle States were poisoned, and it took hard medical practice to bring them to comparative health again; but it was done; it was done (cheers). As soon as the North began, under strong moral protests and the reasoning of faithful men, to see her error, soon Church after Church began to come in, and bear witness, and the Synod that had refused to have the matter discussed was rent asunder (cheers). The more some people wanted to keep down this subject and keep out the air, the more God forced the subject on their minds. If you let a steam-engine, when it is full of steam, only hiss against the rackets, with the scapevale open, it cannot explode; but if the steam is shut up, and the valve closed, it will be still for a moment, and then, like thunder, go off. So it was in regard to this subject. Those who discussed it, became convinced of its truth; but those who would not permit it to be spoken of, and shut it up, exploded (laughter and cheers). About this time the South began to take such steps as more and more brought the North into a proper frame of mind. The first conflict that there was between the South and the North was in regard to the admission of the new State of Missouri in 1818 (hear). The North contended that there should be no more slave States—the doctrine that is now being revived as the Republican doctrine. It was the original doctrine and conviction that slavery should be tolerated where it was, but that no more States should be admitted; and when Missouri knocked at the door, there were those who opposed its admission as a slave State, but by Southern management and intimidation Henry Clay persuaded the North to a compromise. Now, when there is no difference in principle, but only contrary interests, a compromise is honorable and right, but when antagonistic principles are in question, I believe compromises to be bargains with the devil, who is never cheated (loud laughter and cheers). The North gave up her principles and admitted the Missouri State with slavery, and on this compromise had a given line of latitude running east and west. Above that all should always be free, and south of that there might be slave States. With this compromise they gave up the whole principle, as those who make compromises always do. Then came the next conflict. The policy of the North and the policy of the South again jarred against each other. The North was striving, according to the spirit of the Constitution, and the spirit of their old convictions, to carry out the doctrines of liberty. The South became ambitious, and having possession of the government, tried to carry out their ideas of slavery for the whole continent. Then came the admission of Texas and the war with Mexico for the sake of territory. Then were added the region of New Mexico and California. These were added to the Union not by the North, but by the South. Then came the compromise measures of 1850, and the Fugitive Slave Bill which the North accepted finally, as children take medicine, when the silver spoon is forced into their teeth, and they are almost choked to take it (laughter). Then came the abolition—the only abolition that I ever heard the South were in favor of—the abolition of the Missouri compromise. What was that? They had forced on the North, in 1818, this odious compromise by which there was a line, running east and west, in a certain latitude, above which all should be free States, and

to have slavery as they wish (hear, hear, cheers, and some hisses). On the other hand, the whole policy of the North, now at last regenerated, and made consistent with their documents, their history, and real belief—the whole policy of the North as well as the whole work of the North, rejoicing, at length to be set free from antagonism, bribes, and intimidations, is for liberty—liberty for every man in the world (cheers). I wish you to consider for a moment what is the result of this state of things in the North. There never was so united a purpose as there is to day to crush the rebellion. We have had nearly three years of turmoil and disturbance, and it has not only not taken away that determination, but it has increased it. In the beginning of this conflict we were peculiarly English. What do you mean by that? Well, if I have observed aright, England goes into wars to make blunders—in the first part of them always (hisses and cheers)—but you will take notice that in the end it is not England that has blundered. I have noticed, in the course of my study of the Peninsular war under Wellington, that at the beginning, for months, indeed for the first whole year, it was a series of horrid blunders, no sympathy coming from home, and money being squandered by the frauds of contractors (cheers)—but, if I recollect aright, at last that same Wellington drove every Frenchman out of the Peninsula (cheers)—and did not stop his course until he swept the face of Europe (cheers). And so it is with us. We have so much English blood in our Yankee veins that when we began this war we blundered and blundered; but we are doing better and better every step (loud cheering). There has been time enough for mere enthusiasm to have cooled in the North. That has passed away. Enthusiasm is like the vapor, just enough condensed to let the sun striking upon it fill it with gorgeous colors; but when still further it condenses, and falls in drops for the thirsty man to drink, or carries the river to the cataract, then it has become useful and substantial. Enthusiasm at first is that airy cloud, but when it has become a principle in the hearts of the people, then it becomes substantial; and such is the case in the North. Enthusiasm has changed its form, and is now based on substantial moral principle (cheers). The loss of our sons in battle has been grievous; but we accept it as God's will, and we are determined that every martyred son shall have a representative in one hundred liberated slaves (loud cheers). Never was such a unity of Christian men in the North as there is to-day. I have in my possession some two hundred resolutions, passed by different Christian Churches and denominations in America, saving the Roman Catholics. In every form of language they express themselves as resolute for the maintenance of the government and for the crushing of the rebellion. I may say that there is no seam in the garment that binds us together. We are one (cheers). The Peace Democrats have tried three times to put a stop to the war, and every time they tried it it became evident that the only platform in America, on which this subject can be discussed, is this—that the war must be carried on till the Union is reëstablished (loud cheers). The Americans are a practical people. They know their own business (hear, hear). No one so well as they are able to judge of what they want; and when they have deliberately arrived at a firm resolve, they surely are to be regarded, at least with respect, if not with sympathy (cheers). This much we expect, that when a people twenty milion strong, intelligent, moral, and, as you know, thrifty—when people of this sort after three years of deliberation are fixed on one purpose, they at least demand courtesy and respect (loud cheers). We are told that we are breaking our constitutional obligations by the measures we have taken; but we were forced to adopt those measures, and the reasons are abundant and plain. How? When a fire first breaks out, the engineer goes down and plays upon the fire, thinking that he will be able to save the furniture and the neighboring houses; but as the devouring element increases, and threatens destruction to all around, the engineer says "Bring me powder," and he blows up the neighboring house, then the next, and then the next, until a sufficient gap is made to prevent the spread of the conflagration (cheers). When he began he did not think that he would require to sacrifice so much, and so it is with us. When this rebellion commenced we thought to put it down, and to maintain, at the same time, the rights of the States; but, when the war assumed such proportions as seemed to threaten destruction to the whole government, it became a question whether the President should put in practice the powers he possessed of saving the Union at all hazards (cheers). Long he paused, I know, for I had the bombarding of him (laughter and cheers). For months, and months, and months, I both pleaded and inveighed against the dilatory policy at Washington, and at last the President issued a proclamation, declaring that the rebellion had assumed such proportions that, for the sake of saving the country, he intended to exercise the power he possessed, and to confiscate the total property of the South—the whole of the slaves—for the sake of saving the Union and the Constitution (cheers). But some men speak to me, and say—"Oh, I am tired waiting; when is this little quarrel of yours on the other side to be settled?" (Laughter.) A little quarrel (laughter)—with 1,200 miles of a base line—a little quarrel that commenced only seventy-five years ago. You ask how? The smouldering fire that by some means or other has caught a rafter between the ceilings is not known of at first; but after two or three days it bursts out and the whole building is consumed. The fire did not begin when it became visible to the eyes; it began some time before. In the same way this war did not begin three years ago. It began when this Constitution was adopted—a Constitution for liberty with a policy for slavery (cheers)—and it is as impossible to tell when it will come to a termination as it is to foretell the conclusion of any great matter affecting the welfare of thirty million people, and contingent partly on great laws and partly on interfering politicians. It might next year close; it might close in three years; it might close in five. We have lost many sons, we have spilled much blood. This is the operation by which the cancer is to be severed from our system; the operation is now far advanced, and woe be to the man who interferes with it before the last bit of the virus is removed (cheers). If you would help us to bring this struggle to a termination, it has always appeared to me that you ought to do one of two things; and if you will allow me, I will illustrate what I mean by a homely story. It is said that once a master was striking his servant, and stopped every moment to make remarks on his conduct, and then proceeded again to whip him. At last Cuffy broke out with the following remarks: "You either cuff 'e or preach 'e; but do not cuff 'e and preach 'e at the same time" (laughter and applause). Now, gentlemen, I would apply this story in this wise. Either do not ask us when will this war end, or else do not send ships and guns to the rebels in the South. If you want to sympathize with us do so, and if you want to assist the rebels do so, but do not attempt to do both things at once (hear, hear, and applause). I thank Earl Russell for his speech at Blairgowrie. It is a speech that has brought comfort and gladness to the hearts of our American friends (hear, hear). A friend of mine in New York has written to me, stating that the whole feeling there has been changed since the intelligence of Earl Russell's speech. I tell you we do not want to quarrel: we do not want animosity between Great Britain and America. No man has spoken of Great Britain with more honest heart than I have (cheers and some hisses). That man is not your friend who dares not say anything about blunders to your face. The man that is your friend says you have done wrong when he thinks you are wrong; and whether I am right or wrong, I am just the man to say to you, you have done wrong, if I think you have. I have said this because, dear as your country is to us, precious as were the legacies given to us of learning and religion, and proud as we have been for years past to think of our ancestry and common relationship to you—yet so much dearer to us than kindred is the cause of God, that if Great Britain should say to us—You shall not fight for the liberty of mankind—I say we shall fight for it against all the nations of the world (cheers). Earl Russell was, however, pleased to say that this was a conflict for territory on the one part, and for independence on the other. You know just as well as I that the North has been adverse to the doctrine of territory. It was the South that brought in Texas, that brought in the whole of the Louisiana track by purchase; it was the South that went to war with Mexico, and added New Mexico, and the whole of California; it was the South that sent Walker, the filibuster, to Cuba; it is the South that has all along been following out this doctrine. The South would have territory. It is not the North that has been avaricious of land, but the South that needed the land for the extension of their slave system. Now, we are striving for the territory that belonged to the Union (hear, hear). Let me see that man's face that dare to say here that he believes in the kind of patriotism that would let every citizen sit still while their territory was disparted and carried off, and never raise a hand or lift a sword. If that is your idea of patriotism, it is not mine. I have taught my people, and I have practised the doctrine myself as far as necessary, that it was the duty of every Christian to defend his house, and if any robber broke into his house, that he was bound to resist, and recover any goods that he might abstract. Now, that which is true of the householder, I declare to be true of the nation. The love of country means this, to defend every part and particle of the country from unjust division and alienation (loud applause). It amounts to just this, that we are trying to get back our own; and Lord John Russell—I beg his pardon, Earl Russell (laughter)—says that we were ambitious of territory! Well, here come two men before a Justice of the Peace, the one with the other by the coat. He says I found this man in my house carrying off my wife's silks, finery, and jewels; and suppose the Justice remonstrates with the man and tells him that he is ambitious, and lets the thief go, what would be the result? If magistrates took to recommending thieves in that manner, all would go to wreck and ruin (applause). Now, the territory was paid by the money of the Union, and we swore by as solemn an oath as people can swear, to hold it for the good of the nation. Because we are striving to keep our oath, I do not see how that can make us ambitious of territory (hear, hear, and applause). On the other side, Earl Russell says the South are contending for independence. Yes, they are, and I would to God that so much gallantry had a better cause. It needs but that to be illustrious to the end of time (cheers). Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to say that we have not in that Western Continent degenerated your British blood. There is pluck yet in America, just as much as there is here (applause). Yet, Southern independence, what is it? When they seceded and went to Montgomery to frame a Constitution what did they do? They made one or two little alterations in the Constitution. They lengthened the term of the Presidency, and made a few alterations in the forms of procedure in the Congress; but they took the same Constitution that they had just escaped from under (hear, hear). The only material added clause was one that made slavery perpetual, and declared it to be illegal to undertake to abolish it. Now, what is Southern independence? It is the meteor around the dark body of slavery. King Bomba of Naples wanted to be independent, and his idea of independence was that he should be let alone while he was oppressing his subjects. This very idea of independence has been the same since the days when Nimrod hunted men (laughter and cheers). This is the only independence the South is fighting for. But it is said that the North is just as bad as the South in its hatred for the negro. At one time I admit that there was a prejudice against the black man, arising out of the political condition of things, but I can bear witness that this prejudice has almost entirely passed away in so far as the native population is concerned (cheers). I shall not say who are the bitterest enemies of the black men, because you would hiss me if I did so (loud cries of speak out, and a Voice—"The Irishmen"—another Voice—"the Irish Roman Catholics"). There is no doubt that the Irish have a strong prejudice against the negroes, but it arises simply from this, that they have been led to believe by the enemies of the North that were negroes freed, they would dispute the field of labour with them; whereas everybody who knew anything of the disposition of the negro could tell that were they freed they would flock to the Southern part of the country, leaving the Northern part and Northern labor. After alluding to the riots of New York, which he attributed to the Irish part of the population, he referred to the relation existing between this country and America, contending that the reason the Americans took exception to the manner in which they are spoken of in England was that they had a strong regard for British sympathy, and did not wish to be on bad terms with Britain. Mr. Beecher then took up the statement that has been made that the Americans are seeking to destroy the Anglo-Saxons for the sake of a few millions of negroes. He contended that although the freedom of the negroes would no doubt result from this war, they were fighting for the good of all mankind—black, white, and yellow (laughter)—for men of all nations—to save representative government and for universal liberty. It was also said that the proclamation by the President was not sincere—that he had issued it merely as an individual, and that it did not express his personal convictions. All he had to say in answer to this was that the President, whatever his own feelings might be, was bound to discharge the duties of his office. He was bound to administer the Constitution of the country. It was the President, and not the man who spoke, and it was the country, and not the President, that was responsible for the Proclamation. After going over the various proclamations issued by the President in regard to the abolition of slavery, he referred to the slave States that have already entered the Union on the condition of abolishing slavery. He contended that the manner in which all these proclamations had been carried out was a sufficient test of their sincerity. The President was very loath to take the steps he did; but though slow, Abe Lincoln was sure. A hundred men could not pull his post up when he was prepared to put it down (applause)—and ten thousand could not remove it up when he once put it down. He next alluded to the prosperity at present enjoyed by the Northern States, stating that all kinds of trade are in a most flourishing condition. Any one who went to America and expected to see devastated fields would be surprised at the healthy appearance of the country, and unless one were asking he would never know that such a thing as a war was going on. He indicated the financial state of the North, showing that they owed no man anything, but that every man owed them; and that now nothing but cash payments was the rule in America. Mr. Beecher concluded as follows: This is a spectacle worthy of the admiration of the world, and I can only hope that when next the Social Science Congress assembles, this great conflict will have gone so far towards an issue, that whenever they inaugurate its meetings, my friend may find it consistent with his duty to do it without sneering at a neighbouring nation (great cheering and hisses). I have a closing word to speak. It is our duty in America, by every means in our power, to avoid all cause of irritation with every foreign nation, and with the English nation most especially. On your side it is your duty to avoid all irritating interference, and all speech that tends to irritate. Brothers should be brothers all the world over, and you are of our blood, and we are of your lineage. May that day be far distant when Great Britain and America shall turn their backs on each other, and seek an alliance with other nations (loud cries of "Russia"). The day is coming when the foundations of the earth will be lifted out of their places; and there are two nations that ought to be found shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand for the sake of Christianity and universal liberty, and these nations are Great Britain and America (loud and prolonged cheering).

Dr. ALEXANDER, who was received with loud applause, said—Ladies and gentlemen: The resolution which I have put into my hands is the following: "That this meeting most earnestly and emphatically protest against American slavery in all its ramifications, as a system which treats immortal and redeemed human beings as goods and chattels, which denies them the rights of marriage and of home, which consigns them to ignorance of the first rudiments of education, and exposes them to the outrages of lust and passion; and that this meeting is therefore of opinion that it should be totally abolished; and, further, that this meeting, rejoicing in the progress which has already been made in America towards this end, desires to encourage, with their cordial sympathy, the earnest Abolitionists in that country in the noble efforts they are making" (applause).

Dr. Alexander made a few observations in support of the resolution, when it was seconded by Dr. GEORGE JOHNSTON. A show of hands was then taken, when only three were held up against the resolution, which was [illegible] and proclaimed unanimously. On motion Rev. Duncan Ogilvie, seconded by Mr. Nelson, the meeting passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Beecher for his address.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general coöperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest coöperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. *"One last, best effort now!"*

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers, friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

AT the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accordance with usage, and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another Decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause; and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the third day of December next, then and there to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation.

In accordance with this vote, the Executive Committee hereby announce that the THIRD DECADE of the Society will be held in Philadelphia, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863.

Historically, it will be an occasion of thrilling interest and joyous congratulation, unequalled in the eventful career of the Society since its formation. Unquestionably, it will be largely attended by the friends of universal liberty, representing every section of the country loyal to the government. Who among them will need any stronger appeal than the simple announcement of the fact to induce him to be present, if circumstances should permit? Let them make their arrangements accordingly. "Whosoever will, let him come"—come in the spirit of Justice and love—come as remembering those in bonds as bound with them—come as one abhorring "the guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man"—come to put down the rebellion by helping to exterminate the hideous system from which it has legitimately sprung!

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } *Secretaries.*

AT HOME.—The Editor of THE STANDARD, after a vacation of five weeks, spent in the society of cherished friends in Eastern Pennsylvania (whom may Heaven forever bless!), returned to his post on the 28th ult. His warmest thanks are due to the kind friends who, without other reward than the satisfaction which attends all earnest labors in a good cause, took such care of the paper in his absence as their pressing engagements permitted, in order to give him a much-needed opportunity for rest and recreation. He now resumes his editorial labors with renewed bodily and mental vigor, and a heart exultant in view of the glorious prospects of the cause, of which, for so long a period, he has been a willing and joyous servant.

THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY.

THE loyal States of the American Union are now undergoing a trial as by fire. But it is not the fire through which they expected to pass to victory when they first sprung to arms more than two years ago. It is not a trial by adversity, but one by prosperity, that they have had to encounter, and it is against the dangers and temptations of that trial that they are to be upon their guard. For there can be no question that this is the harder purgation of the two to stand. Pope said more than a century ago

"That Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making *rich*, not making *poor*."

And it has been in the light of this newer wisdom that the fiend has dealt with us from the beginning. It was with our own prosperity, the riches which we earned by our own industry and enterprise, that he angled for our souls. We were made to shut our eyes to the atrocities of slavery and to our own guilt in relation to it, dazzled by the contemplation of our rapid growth in riches and in numbers, which we were told to believe were owing only to our slavery-cemented Union. Every demand of slavery was to be complied with, and anticipated, if Northern servility could be made to outstrip Southern rapacity, in order that it might be prevailed upon to continue to us the blessings of its rule. American statesmanship became a mockery and a derision in an honest mouths, because it described merely the livery of the most obsequious lackeys that ever ran before they were sent, in their zeal in their masters' service. It is no wonder that the slaveholders came verily to believe that all the prosperity of the whole country lay in the hollow of their hand, and so grew into the delusion that they could have it all and more, if they would but keep their own part to themselves and dole it out as they thought best for themselves to us and the rest of the world. It is no wonder, for not only Calhoun and Clay and Jefferson Davis told them so, directly, but Webster and Choate and Douglas confirmed it all by their fulsome words and swift deeds, setting a slaveholding Union above all that is called God, and teaching that it was in virtue of this alone that we lived and moved, and had our being in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, and pulling down our barns to build greater. We did our full part towards inflating that pride which went before what they will esteem their fall, but which we trust will be blest for their deliverance and advantage as well as for our own.

When the catastrophe came two years and a half ago, the slave-drivers truly believed that a reign of glory and of gain was to begin for them such as they had only seen in dreams. They beheld in vision their empire taking its way Southward and absorbing all the tropic lands which could be made to gleam with vegetable gold. They beheld all nations of the world prostrate before them, supplicating a share of their bounty, and the sea bridged to make a way for the swarming hosts of Africa to come over and help them. And at the same time they saw us steeped in poverty, our streets grass-grown, our harbors a desolation, our mills silent, and the starving and sordid populace lifting up its hands against whatever remnants of the prosperity they had accorded to us might survive the general crash. And though the North did not fully accept this prophecy of famine as an authentic oracle, still it stood long uncertain how near it might approximate to truth. We all recollect how men held their breath when the process of disintegration had begun, and State after State was trampling on the old flag, how conspirators all over the free States were striking murderous blows at Free Speech, and public men were ready to purchase the prodigals' return by almost any sacrifice of our liberties. And we can never forget, when the rebels had set the final seal to their earnestness of purpose by the shot at Sumter, how the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of the North, and it arose as a strong man armed to defend its house and avenge its dishonor. We can never forget the rallying in arms, the eagerness of volunteers pressing from every walk of civil life into the strange surroundings of the camp, and the hot haste with which brave men hurried to the field,—alas, but too many of them, "the unreturning brave!"

"Ah, never can the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed warm with hope and valor yet
Upon the soil they fought to save!"

And all this was done in doubt as to what the effect of the war was to be upon our daily bread. Heavy taxation and great derangement of business were seen to be sure to follow. How the one was to be met and the other provided against made all thinking men pause. Probably every man, at that glowing time, had made up his mind that his income from property or business would be greatly cut down, if not entirely cut off. But no one flinched for that, and but one feeling seemed to inspire all hearts, that the country must be saved whatever became of us. It was an hour worth a century of vulgar life.

But that state of exaltation necessarily passed away. The war ceased to be an impulse, it became a business—the most extensive and the most important business in which a nation was ever engaged. The loyal people have accommodated and adapted themselves to it, and the most abnormal of conditions has taken upon itself normal relations. And to our surprise, almost as much as to that of our enemies, we have found that patriotism, like godliness, is great gain, and that such a manifold prosperity never covered the land as since the war begun. Whether or not there is something hollow about it which will one day collapse, whether or not it be a feverish and unnatural exaltation which must be followed by an answering reaction, we will not now consider. We will hope not, and trust that the experience of other nations may teach us to prepare for the consequences of prosperity as well as for the forebodings of adversity. But the fact is undeniable. Whoever has capital or industry, money or muscle, has as large or larger returns from the same than in the most prosperous days before the war. The poverty and distress have fallen upon the heads of those who invoked them by their crime against the Nation whose greatest sin was its wicked indulgence towards themselves. Scarcity of the necessaries of life, the ruin of fortunes, the destruction of the old industries, such as they were, the disturbance of all social order, such as they ever had, the crimes against person and property which were to be our doom, have fallen to the share of the rebels instead of us. It remains to be seen whether the heart of the Nation is to be eaten out by its prosperity in time of war as it well nigh seemed to be in the preceding times of peace. It sometimes looks as if the love of the majority at the North had waxed cold in loyalty, as that of the minority has waxed hot in treason. It is in this direction that our greatest danger now lies. It is not foreign intervention, it is domestic corruption that we have most to dread. It may be that we need a heavy blow to stun us with sobriety. But we will hope better things and trust that the spirit which was evoked by Sumter is only slumbering and will arouse itself again to meet the ever new exigencies of the time.

To promote such a wholesome state of feeling, to excite it where it has not existed and to revive it where it slumbers, we know of nothing better than an occasional return to first principles. There is something higher than the selfish interests to which appeals are generally made in support of the war. There is something more holy than the maintenance of a particular form of government over a given extent of territory. It is the practical recognition of those principles of civil liberty, of those divine laws, the supremacy of which alone makes Civil Government a blessing and a Country worth living in and dying for. All that makes this war a holy one is the inspiration of the spirit of liberty, which is to make the Nation that has passed through its ordeal the sanctuary and home of impartial liberty and equal rights for all. The more profoundly this truth is felt, the more spontaneously and the more religiously will the armies be replenished and their battles fought; and, more important yet, the more impossible will be made the ghastly chance of a Peace that shall leave slavery alive. The lecturing movement which the Executive Committee has instituted, of which we spoke last week, has this object and this only in view. It has no ends that are not identical with those the government proposes to itself. It seeks to make those ends the surer to be gained by showing their identity with the highest morality, the truest philosophy and the soundest political economy. We trust and believe that the speakers will have the countenance and assistance of loyal men of every former name. If they be thus sustained, and do their work with the ability and discretion we are sure they will bring to it, their labors cannot but help in the discomfiture of Rebellion and of Treason, and the re-establishment of Peace on that foundation of Liberty which alone is safe and steadfast.

MR. BEECHER IN EXETER HALL.

MR. BEECHER has done a great and noble work for his country and for liberty, in delivering five public addresses—three in England and two in Scotland—on the Slaveholders' Rebellion, its Origin and Consequences. His first speech, delivered at Manchester, we published last week; and in the present number will be found that delivered at Edinburgh. His last appearance was in Exeter Hall, Oct. 20, and we have the report of his speech before us, filling a page of the London *Morning Star*. Of course it is impossible for us to print it this week, if at all, but for the following letter, kindly placed in our hands by the editor of *The Independent* before its appearance in that journal, we must, in spite of the crowded state of our columns, make room. It supersedes the necessity of any remarks from us at present on the subject of Mr. Beecher's timely labors in the mother country.

LONDON, October 21.

To the Editors of The Independent.

In the five great speeches which Mr. Beecher has made in England and Scotland on the American question, before vast audiences, he has taken care to observe a system of selection, which has brought before the country all the great salient points of the American war. He has not repeated himself, but met the Confederate sympathizers here upon every field which they had chosen for their own advantage. But the grand climax of all his efforts was that which was made at Exeter Hall last night, before a crowd as great as ever gathered into that immense hall, and which, despite the persistent efforts of the opposition to destroy the meeting and its effect, made a mark upon English opinion which must prove of the utmost importance.

You will get and copy from the London press the extended reports of this meeting. But there were some characteristics of it which they have not reported, and some which perhaps would be observed more particularly by an American. I had the good fortune to receive a complimentary ticket, which gave me a seat near Mr. Beecher on the platform, and with the full crowd under my eye. And as I know that the orator would be too modest to write out the full account of matters so intimately connected with himself, and that the many readers of *The Independent* will be eager to know all about his last encounter with the Rebellion before a crowd of English spectators, I have determined to send you some sketch of the affair.

Mr. Beecher's strokes in other cities of the kingdom having invariably drawn blood from the hides of the Confederate sympathizers here, it was plain that they had determined to meet with yells and uproar what they could not meet with argument. That an organized opposition was contemplated was not concealed. During all yesterday posters were scattered through the length and breadth of the city, making all kinds of charges of a personal character against him, abounding in fictitious and distorted quotations from discourses and lectures delivered by him in old times. It has been considered of prime importance to the Confederate cause here that Lord Russell's assertion at Blairgowrie, that the moral sympathies of the English people were adverse to the Southern cause, should be disproved; and it was hoped, through personal assaults upon Mr. Beecher, to injure the effect of the meeting, and then claim it as the verdict of London in favor of the Southern Confederacy.

At an early hour the hall was crowded to overflowing, and there was evidence too that they were orderly men and women, who, whether sympathizing with the North or not, had come to hear a fair discussion of the question which concerns all, and were determined to secure fair play. The crowd outside in the Strand and Exeter street was enormous, and consisted chiefly of the opposition. One of the committee came in smilingly, and said, "Our shilling admission-fee has filtered the crowd. The Southern sympathizer is always a man who looks hard at a shilling before he parts with it, and then don't part with it." Yet it was known that in two or three sections of the house there were parties who meant mischief.

The speech was to begin at seven. At that hour Mr. Beecher had not arrived in the committee-room, where, to the number of thirty or forty, his friends were awaiting him. A messenger came to tell us that Mr. Beecher could not force his way through the crowd, but was bravely trying to do so, and would succeed probably in fifteen minutes. After a brief consultation it was resolved, in view of the growing impatience of the crowd in the hall, that the leading men of the city who were present should go to the platform, and that the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the city, Rev. Newman Hall, and others, should entertain the crowd with addresses until the orator of the evening should arrive. The procession of these gentlemen to the platform was greeted with vehement applause; but when it was discovered that Mr. Beecher was not among them, there were equally vehement expressions of disappointment. When, however, the chairman gave a promise that Mr. B. would soon be present, the meeting became quiet and pleasant. He (the chairman) then began to address them, and was listened to and applauded, until Mr. Beecher walked upon the platform, when the Chamberlain's most glowing sentence was cut short off, nor could the crowd be persuaded to allow him to conclude it. Cries of "Sit down," "Time," "Beecher," hurtled about his head, and he had to sit down—for a British crowd is remorseless in such cases.

When Mr. Beecher arose, there were five minutes of the most tremendous cheering that I have ever witnessed. Wave after wave, as of a tumultuous sea of sound, came thundering up from the gallery at one end to the organ at the other, in the midst of which stood Mr. Beecher calm as a rock in the midst of the surges. A hiss was then begun, but at his first word it sank back into the diaphragms of those who uttered or meant to utter it. The first glance and the self-possessed manner of the man told plainly that he had something to say in Exeter Hall that night, and that he meant to be heard.

Mr. Beecher's voice was scarcely as sonorous and clear as it usually is, and all recognized that this was natural after the many speeches in immense halls which he had given during the week. "I expect to be hoarse," he said, "and I am willing to be hoarse if I can in any way assist to bring the mother and daughter heart to heart and hand to hand together." This sentiment was received with great applause; and Beecher's hoarseness was thus impressed to the service of his cause. But he so economized his voice that every word was distinctly heard by the vast assembly. And I assure you that every word was freighted. In the day when men are called to give an account for every idle word spoken, Mr. Beecher will not be confronted by any one uttered last night at Exeter Hall. At one time, when there was an interval of a few moments, arising from the effort of the hisses to triumph over the cheers, Mr. Beecher, with a quiet smile, said, "Friends, I thank you for this interruption; it gives me a chance to rest." The hisses thereupon died away, and had no resurrection during the evening. It was evident, indeed, that the speaker, who knows a thing or two about audiences, felt that the meeting was his, and that no interruption would succeed. But many of his friends had serious apprehensions. One of the editors of *The Star*, himself a distinguished speaker, and thoroughly acquainted with English audiences, who sat near to me, whispered in my ear, "There are a great many here who do not cheer; there is a strong chance of a row yet; but the meeting is just in such a condition that its result will depend upon the power and equanimity of the speaker." "Then," I replied, "you need not fear." If Mr. Beecher had heard our brief whispers, he could not have more distinctly appreciated the remark of the editor. At that moment, although he had been interesting all along, he suddenly stepped one side from the desk upon which his notes lay, and his face gleamed like a sword leaping from a scabbard. No more hisses, no more cheers, now for half an hour; the audience is magnetized, breathless; when the first pause came, a Sir Somebody, sitting behind me, said, "Why, he looked at first like a heavy man, but he's got wings"; whilst a reporter near our feet whispered audibly to a brother, "Oh, but he can put things!" Mr. Beecher forgot all things but his subject; his tongue burned with living coals; his arm pointed like a prophet's rod. The shams of our enemies in England—their talk of peace when they mean every kind of bloodshed except that which is for justice—"the aspect of a lamb with the voice of a dragon," as St. John saw it—their cant about emancipation being not a principle with Mr. Lincoln, but only an expedient, as if that would make liberty any less a prize to the slave and humanity if they got it—all these collapsed palpably before the masses then gathered, and all the fine points of Roebuck and Lindsay became toads under the touch of his flame-tipped spear.

"This cannot go on," whispered a clergyman near; "these strokes draw too much blood; the victim is writhing in pain now."

Again did Mr. Beecher level his lance; it was at those who were making capital out of what they call "American sympathy with the oppressor of Poland." Nothing could exceed the drollery with which, almost blushing, he presented the loving and jealous maiden, who, when her suitor is not attentive enough, gets up a flirtation with some other man. "America flirts with Russia, but has her eye on England." Now the presence of war-ships from Russia and at New York has been the leading card of the Confederates here in their game to win popular sympathy for the South; for our friends among the English people are also the friends of the Poles. It was plain that the opposition in the meeting did not mean to let this matter pass without trying to get some capital. Consequently, when Mr. Beecher said, "But it is said it is very unworthy that America should be flirting with the oppressor of Poland," there were violent shouts: "Yes, yes," "certainly it is," etc. Mr. Beecher waited until the cries had entirely subsided, and a little time had been allowed for friend and foe to speculate as to his reply; then leaning a little forward, he put on an indescribably simple expression, and said mildly, "*I think so too. And now you know exactly how we felt when you flirted with Mason at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.*" I cannot attempt to describe the effect of these words on the throng. The people arose with a shout that began to be applause but became a shout of laughter. The hit was so perfect and felicitous that roars of hearty laughter told that that the topic was summed up forever. Three loud groans given for the late Lord Mayor—his place is now filled with a much better man—ended that scene and the drama proceeded.

In the heart of Mr. Beecher's oration was given a denunciation of slavery more powerful than I have ever heard from his lips. He scoured and scourged it until it seemed to stand before us a hideous monster, bloated with human blood and writhing under his goads. He told, apropos of those who said, "Why not let the South go?" the story of Fowell Buxton's seizing the mad dog by the neck, and holding him with a brave grasp, and at the risk of his life, until help could come, rather than allow him to rush through the street biting man, woman, and child. When asked what they would say of the man who, witnessing this, should have cried, "Let him go! let him go!" "Shall we let this monster go through the world poisoning nations, ruining men, women, and children yet unborn?" cries of No, no, no! surged up from the crowd. At this moment a colored man who lately has come here from the South, known as "Davis's Drummer," on account of his having once belonged to Jeff, and having been a drummer in the Confederate army, stood up on his seat, which was exactly in the centre of the building, waved his hat, and was vehemently applauded. William Craft, well known here since his victory over Mr. Hunt at the Edinburgh Congress on the ethnology of the negro, with his wife, whose story (she having travelled in the disguise of a Southern gentleman, her husband being her servant, from the far South to Freedom) has made her a heroine in London, sat near Mr. Beecher on the platform, and they too, with other colored persons in the hall, arose and waved hats and handkerchiefs, the audience cheering until the city outside seemed to be waked up, for we heard a storm of shouting voices on every side of the building outside. The crowd also caught sight of an old lady (white) in the gallery who had a huge umbrella, which, having expanded to its utmost dimensions, she waved to and fro like a mighty balloon, which had a very comical effect indeed. To this was added a fat man, an excellent type of John Bull as pictured in *Punch*, who had laughed so much at the droll portions of Mr. Beecher's speech that he could laugh no more, so he could only cross his hands on his stomach, sway to and fro, and give vent to wheezes and grunts, the death-rattles of laughter. These and many other incidents got the audience at one time into a highly tickled state; and some of us remembered a saying of Luther that there was "nothing that the devil hates so much as a hearty laugh."

Mr. Beecher, having sustained himself throughout better than I had ever known him to do before—and I am pretty familiar with his grand successes in our own country—having carried the meeting entirely and evoked the warmest expressions of good-will to America—sat down leaving the audience hungry and shouting "Go on, go on."

As he declined to go on, Professor Newman rose to present the cordial resolution which will of course be read and felt throughout America. This gentleman has been long known as the most persistent and industrious friend we have had over here since the war. He has written many fine pamphlets and made many valuable lectures for us. One pamphlet—"The Good Cause of President Lincoln"—has had a great influence. He is a very intelligent-looking man of middle age, has the air and face of a scholar, and a certain penetrating tone in his voice that is very exciting. His special aversion is to *The Times*, which he will not read or touch. In his heart he was, I dare say, a little more delighted with the three mighty and unanimous groans which were given for *The Times* by the audience than with the oration, though his countenance shone during its delivery. He warned the people that the way to show their disapproval of such papers was not to take or read them; and as this sentiment was met with cheers and cries of "That's the way," I have some hope that the bitter article of *The Times* this morning is inspired by a few letters from former subscribers not less than by the vivisections it received from surgeons Beecher and Newman.

Next to him arose the Rev. Newman Hall, a great favorite with the London masses, which is greatly to their credit. Mr. Hall is a man of somewhat of the build of Wendell Phillips, but with very black hair and whiskers, and a darker complexion. He has a straightforward expression about the eye, a firm and forcible mouth, and a nose of fine shape and prominent enough to have made him a marshal under the first Napoleon, who, it is well known, selected his officers with reference to their noses. Mr. Hall's whole physiognomy indicates intensity, and his words have the effect of nails driven in and clenched on the other side. He began with an account of a fugitive slave woman whom he had that day seen, who bore the mark of chains on her wrists yet, and on her side the blow that had crippled her for life. "Is it any question on which side Englishmen stand in a conflict where one wishes to establish over a continent such atrocities as these, and the other contends for the avowed purpose—avowed now, whatever it was formerly—of sweeping them from that continent forever?" If Mr. Carlyle had been present he would have heard "*the everlasting* NO" come up from the four thousand throats as if it were one.

George Thompson (the link that connects the heroes of the old anti-slavery movement in England with their true successors of to-day, who, with William Lloyd Garrison, received the "God-speed" of Wilberforce, then arm-in-arm with him followed that great man to his grave) was loudly called for, and with that magnificent voice of his, which seems to have been created for Exeter Hall, made a speech which seemed almost as if it were some triumphant symphony rolling out from the great organ behind him. He stood like an authentic witness, to whom the people looked, and the occasion uttered through his earnest and joyful tones its claim to be considered what

even among people who are very wealthy or very distinguished; but they are on the right road to another conclusion—that all's well that ends well. I believe verily that this is a true love match, and Miss Katie has many warm well-wishers in this city. I suppose that one of our newspaper Jenkinses would write a column upon this subject, but I have no gifts in that direction. Besides, Miss Chase should have the privilege of getting married like any respectable, quiet body, if she is the daughter of the world-renowned Secretary of the Treasury."

It affords us great satisfaction to observe that Wendell Phillips Garrison has entered the field as an anti-slavery lecturer, in company with Aaron M. Powell. A series of meetings, to be addressed by them, in the Northeastern part of this State, is advertised in another column. Their special object is to stimulate the people to circulate and sign petitions to Congress for the immediate and total abolition of slavery as a necessary means of putting down the rebellion. Those of our readers in New York and New Jersey who wish to co-operate with the American Anti-Slavery Society in this work, and who would like to have meetings in their respective neighborhoods, should write *at once* to Aaron M. Powell, Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Theodore D. Weld, delivered a profoundly able and impressive lecture on "The Higher Law" at Dodworth's Hall, in this city, last Sunday evening. On Sunday next (to morrow) he will deliver two lectures in the same place. Subject in the forenoon, "The Cost of Reform"; in the evening, "The Reaction of Reform." To those who heard Mr. Weld when he was in the lecturing field twenty-five years ago, it is unnecessary to offer a word by way of inducement to hear him now; but for the benefit of the larger multitude, to whom his name is less familiar, we may remark, that among all the public speakers of the country there is not one more capable than he of enlightening and moving an audience upon any topic on which he may choose to speak. It will be safe to say that the discourses to be delivered by him to-morrow will be found to embody more of the true spirit of Christ than can be found in a hundred sermons of ordinary preachers.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, November 2, 1863.

WE have entered the last of the autumnal months, and there is but one month left for military operations this year. It is safe to say that no great battles will be fought, after the first of December, till next Spring. I anticipate considerable fighting in this very November. The most serious will take place near Chattanooga, without a doubt. It has indeed already begun. The army has already taken the offensive, and has recovered a part of the position lost by the retreat of the Army of the Cumberland.

It is said also that Gen. Meade is planning some new movement, but I have no faith whatever in any such announcement. The army which is led by Meade has never yet made a successful *offensive* movement. It is very brave in a defensive position, and never plays the coward, but it does not succeed in an advance. If it gets too far from Washington it is sure of a repulse, or of running back to the Capital without a repulse. Its history will be one of the most annoying things connected with the war. It will probably be decided hereafter that Gen. McClellan educated this army for retreats and repulses. There can be no doubt among intelligent people on this point. Gen. McClellen in a sense corrupted the Army of the Potomac. He taught it timidity, immobility, and a portion of its officers copperhead morals. But he is dead now, as a general and a politician, and I will not say things it would be manly to say if he were in power.

The political situation grows interesting. With you loyal men are waiting for the morrow to cast a tremendous vote for the Union. Down here on this line of latitude we feel so certain that New York will vote right that we feel no great degree of interest in the election. But we are watching for the election in Maryland on Wednesday with a more intense feeling than curiosity to learn the result. We want to see if the *abolition ticket* will triumph. For that is exactly it. The loyal people of Maryland are running an Emancipation ticket, and they expect to triumph, and I am compelled to add, with no active aid from the President and against the influence of at least one member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. I know of no more astounding fact in the history of this nation than the one I have just stated. A member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet is trying (and in vain) to prevent the election of Henry Winter Davis to Congress, simply because he is an uncompromising Emancipationist. The Hon. Montgomery Blair went up to Baltimore (I am told on the authority of some of the best men in that city) on purpose to organize such an opposition to the Emancipation candidates as would defeat them. The statement seemed to me to be so disgraceful that I could not believe it. It seemed as if a cause must be lost that is led on by such bad men, for if it is true that the leading men of the government are trying to choke down the Emancipationists of Maryland and Missouri, they deserve the scorn of every honest man in Europe, and the rebels, so far as *they* are concerned, ought to triumph. But it is not true that the leading members of the Administration are endeavoring to hinder the great revolution in Maryland. Montgomery Blair *is*. The President may be said to be on the fence, apparently caring little which party wins—the anti-slavery or the pro-slavery. I believe, however, that in his inmost heart he does care, for he has not given way to the demands of the pro-slavery men in Maryland on the subject of slave-enlistments. Besides, Gen. Tyler, who commands the military department which includes Maryland in the absence of Gen. Schenck, made a speech in Baltimore advising all loyal men to vote for the Emancipation candidates. But the Postmaster of Baltimore, who was appointed by Mr. Blair, has refused to give a penny or raise his voice to help the only Union ticket in the field. Like his master, he would rather see the rebels of Maryland in power than witness the triumph of the Radicals.

This matter will soon destroy the Republican organization if Mr. Lincoln does not act in season to prevent it. Congress is soon coming together. There are one hundred Republican members in it who are firmly resolved that no anti-Emancipationist shall remain in the Cabinet. They will never forgive Mr. Blair for his cruel insult at Rockville. While they were hard at work carrying great States in favor of the Administration, Mr. Blair was insulting them in a public speech! Mr. Lincoln said the other day that he had never read one word of the Rockville speech! What an admission for an American President to make! This Winter we shall see a grand quarrel unless Mr. Blair modifies some of his views, or the President gives assurance that he will not be guided by a pro-slavery man in his Cabinet. It is impossible to conceal the indignation felt among two-thirds of the members of the Republican party, and as we are approaching a Presidential election, these questions will soon be discussed boldly in the newspapers. So far as the one question of the fate of the rebel States is concerned, I care little for the present. Let us first subdue the rebels and get possession of their territory, and when that is done it can very quickly be decided what shall be done with them. It is not that question which threatens to disturb the peace of the Republican party—it is the fact that in certain Border States the President seems to be discriminating against anti-slavery men and in favor of pro-slavery. It *is* monstrous that after the President has declared in favor of general emancipation, and a majority of the people of Maryland are concerting measures for the extinction of the institution, a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet should give his influence against the movement. Mr. Lincoln's weakest point always has been his disposition to compromise between men and measures. He throws a crumb to-day to the Radicals, a bone to the Conservatives to-morrow, and so he goes on trying to please Radicals and Conservatives. Were it not for the great cause which he represents he would have perished while at this sort of work long ago.

Mr. Chase is doing his duty like a man. He went up to Baltimore to attend a grand Emancipation meeting, and has given all his influence to the Emancipation movement. In his speech at Baltimore he threw out a significant hint to Mr. Blair and to Mr. Lincoln. He said (I cannot remember the exact language) that if any leader, no matter how high, attempted to carry the people backward on these great issues he would be lost—that the people would trample him out of sight.

I have written at length upon this subject, for I believe it to be of great importance that anti-slavery men should be on the alert. The Blairs and the Conservative leaders in other parts of the country than this are endeavoring to coax Mr. Lincoln into a Conservative, pro-slavery position. They will fail, for though the President makes many blunders, yet he sincerely hates slavery, and he is an honest man. He will not be fooled for any length of time, I feel certain, though at the present time he seems to be in the hands of the so-called Conservatives. The hand that wrote the Emancipation proclamation will certainly never sign a pro-slavery document. Nevertheless, it is the privilege and the duty of anti-slavery men to urge the President on at a faster pace.

People in this region are beginning to talk about the new call for volunteers. Along the border, by proper management, the quotas can be filled by colored troops. If the government will sympathize with poor white men rather than with rich slaveholders, this result can be attained. Let it be understood in this District that all colored volunteers will be guaranteed their freedom and no questions asked, and it would not be long before two or three regiments would be filled up. But if the slave expects to be arrested in Washington by the agents of Marshal Lamon, he will stay where he is.

If the President expects to obtain half a million of troops this Winter, new troops, he will be disappointed. The country will not furnish so many. But by proper management he can obtain half that number. If Congress will step in and rectify the abominable blunders of the War Department, 250,000 troops can be raised during this Winter. There should be a cash bounty of $500, and the wages of the soldier should be carried to $20 per month. Let those who will *not* go to the war be taxed heavily to pay those who will. It is just and honest to pay the men who fight generously. It is not right to compel poor men to enter the Army without bounty or good pay, while men of wealth lag behind.

AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

GLASGOW, October 16, 1863.

I HAVE just arrived here on my way home, and having some time on my hands before the steamer sails, I sit myself down in the office of your staunch friend Andrew Paton to tell you something of my visit to Scotland. I left home on the 5th of this month for the professed purpose of attending the Annual Meeting of the British Association for the promotion of Social Science, which takes place each year in a different city of the British Islands, and was held this year in Edinburgh. It is not usual to hold these meetings in October, but as it is an increasing fashion for the professional classes (that is, generally speaking, those who, beside using their heads, do none but very light work with their hands—lawyers, divines, physicians, engineers, etc.) to take a long vacation in the months of August and September, it was thought best, in order to secure their attendance, to put off the meeting to October rather than run the chance of a poor gathering in the idle months, when the elite of the Scotch members would be at the sea-side, or on the continent, or anywhere but in Edinburgh. I would be most ungrateful if I did not regard all Scotland with increased regard for the sake of the specimens I have just seen of her sons and daughters. Edinburgh is a wonderfully picturesque city, with such a display of handsome public edifices as could nowhere else be found grouped together in so small a place. You hear of the seven hills of Rome, but they are gentle elevations compared with the precipitous rock on which the old castle of Edinburgh stands, and as there are few level streets in the whole city, the monuments, statues and stately buildings with which it abounds are all seen to the greatest advantage. The Social Science meetings were attended by upwards of 2,000 members and associates, and hundreds of papers on Jurisprudence, Education, Social Economy, public health, and on all sorts of cognate subjects were read in the various departments during the 6 or 7 days which the sittings occupied. Lord Brougham, the President, read the inaugural address, and it was a remarkable production for a man in his 85th year. There is probably no man living at the same age who has manifested so warm an interest in so great a variety of objects connected with the improvement of his fellow-men, combined with energy, industry, and ability to give practical effect to his opinions. His tact and judgment are, however, by no means equal to his talents, and he has latterly evinced a great deficiency in these important qualifications by the course he has taken in connection with American affairs. On the present occasion he expressed sentiments respecting the Northern Americans and the merits of the parties to the civil war which were so far from just that I can only attribute them to ignorance and misinformation—and which can have no value except with those who take no trouble to think for themselves. Since the war broke out I have thought that the agents of the South have been far more able and industrious tacticians than those of the North. They have spared no pains to ply our statesmen, members of Parliament, and public writers with their own prejudices, which many of them were well prepared, by their previous profound ignorance of your politics and history, to receive. For however exalted your opinion of your national greatness and destiny may be, it is certain that the English nation generally thinks so well of themselves, that in ordinary times they have no inclination to trouble themselves with the policy of other people. Lord Brougham never made a more foolish, contradictory, and discreditable display than when he uttered the pro-Southern portion of his address. Indeed, at the great meeting convened last Wednesday (just 2 days ago) in the Free Trade Assembly Hall, to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the vast multitude, by a large and unmistakable majority, cheered the speaker when he gently rebuked the old statesman without naming him, for having used language likely to promote ill-will between kindred nations, and so utterly unworthy of his past anti-slavery achievements and his great reputation. I wish you had seen that meeting. It was one of the most crowded ever held in Edinburgh. Hundreds were obliged to go away without being able to get in. I never got such a crushing in my life; and if it had not been to hear so renowned an orator, I should not have run the risk of being flattened into a shape incompatible with the due performance of all physical functions. However, you will be happy to hear that I expanded to my usual proportions, and by standing the whole time of his address, I was not only able to hear it all, but by occasionally stretching myself could even catch glimpses of the ruddy face and stalwart form of the speaker.

It was an able and effective speech, and if Mr. Beecher ever had any doubt before of the side to which the sympathies of a large Scottish audience inclined, they must have been dissipated by the conduct of his hearers on this occasion. When the name of Lincoln was first mentioned, it was received with a perfect storm of enthusiastic cheers. I wish the honest man himself could have heard them, for they would have given him full assurance that the best wishes of the most important portion of the British people are with him. The speaker made some statements respecting the completeness of the anti-slavery reformation of the North (especially the Northern Churches) which I fear would hardly bear sifting. I make this remark, because I constantly see statements in the columns of *The Liberator* and STANDARD respecting the treatment by Northern men of contrabands and other colored people, which show what must, in the nature of things, be true—that there is still a large residuum of the old leaven in the free States. Indeed, if this were not so, the war must inevitably soon be decided against the slaveholders, and slavery throughout all the States, North and South, must speedily collapse. Thorough statements may make a stronger impression when made, but to create confidence and permanent conviction, I prefer such an adherence to matters of fact as shall be unassailable by well-informed inquirers. William Smeal of Glasgow, a veteran Abolitionist, who has persevered for 40 years, and has been, with Andrew Paton and a few others, a chief mover in all anti-slavery efforts in this (next to London) the most populous city in the three Kingdoms, has just called in, and as I am glad to see, is looking well, is in good health and spirits, and as energetic as ever. It is, I have remarked, invariably by a few that such efforts are made and maintained. Indeed, Mr. Beecher's meeting in Elinburg would never have taken place but for the efforts of two remarkably serene, indefatigable and energetic ladies, members of the Society of Friends, whose lives have been devoted with all the persistence, fearlessness, and regard to principle by which so many of the American female Abolitionists have been distinguished.

Perhaps I have referred before to American apprehensions of British intervention and to my conviction that at no time have I had any fears of such an interference. These convictions are now strengthened to a certainty, and in order to give you my reasons for feeling so, I send you a *Scotsman*, an Edinburgh pro-Southern paper, in which you will find a speech of Sir Roundell Palmer, the English Attorney-General, and as such the mouthpiece of the government, in which he treats chiefly on American affairs, declares their intention to maintain neutrality and not to allow the steam rams now building in the Mersey and the Clyde to leave those rivers, and administers a rebuke which should have been given before to the men who would run the risk of a war between England and America, for the sake of bringing money into their own pockets and cheer to the rebel propagandists of slavery. The Scotch editor's leader on Mr. Beecher's speech I commend to your special notice.

Wishing you as pleasant a time for the remainder of your natural life (and for all time after) as I have had within the last week, I am yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

DUBLIN, Oct. 17.

On my way from Glasgow I heard one of the officers on the steamboat say that two vessels had been sold by a Dublin company—one to the Confederate government, another to mercantile men for the purpose of running the blockade. He said one of the vessels had cleared £700,000 by her successful trips—that another had cleared £3,000,000—that a captain of one of them had cleared £140,000, had bought an estate and been presented with a handsome house by the owner—that Charleston was as large as Dublin (which I think has a population as large as South Corolina)—that it could never be taken—that he had himself made £1,000 in 5 trips—but had lost a great deal by being at last taken prisoner—that he had spent 4 days on board Admiral Wilkes's ship, and that the Admiral was a perfect gentleman, a real old seaman, which was more than he could say for the Captain of the Tycoon, whom he did not seem to like—that Charleston could never be taken—and that if it were, it would only be by being laid in ruins. If the rewards for blockade-running be so vast, it is no wonder that people who care far more for prize money than for the merits of the quarrel should be ready to engage in it—and I would also suppose that the drain upon the resources of the Southerners must be enormous, for my informant states that though the aspect of Charleston was not different when he saw it last from what it was in peaceful times, the prices of all articles of foreign importation were very high, and must have severely tasked the resources of the inhabitants.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Nov. 3d, 1863.

ON Tuesday evening of last week an interesting event in our little world occurred, namely, the commencement of the Sixth course of lectures established by the "Parker Fraternity." An opening address was made on this occasion by ex-Governor Boutwell, on "The Future of our Country"; or the sort of Reconstruction which should take place, and may be expected to take place, after the thorough suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Boutwell made good his title to be ranked in that foremost class of the War Democrats who go for *so* suppressing this rebellion as to prevent the upspringing of more of the same sort. He would destroy the nest, as well as the particular reptile last hatched in it, and would destroy the cockatrice as well as her eggs. The emancipation decreed by the President's proclamation, he said, was primarily an act of hostility to our enemies, the rebel slaveholders, weakening them by depriving them of their slaves; but in his view the crowning glory of that act was that its consequences had a much wider scope, asserting the equality of man. He believed that the people would accept this truth, and found their new political structure upon it. The coming American nation must be wholly free, and we must have a new Constitution and a new government if those changes shall be found needful to insure such freedom.

A vast audience listened to this lecture, and heartily applauded the strong utterances of patriotism and freedom which it contained. The programme for the season was so eminently attractive that not only were all the season-tickets sold long before the opening of the course, but the Executive Committee have felt authorized to arrange for and advertise a supplementary series of four lectures, immediately to follow the one now commenced.

Measures preliminary to the raising of recruits under the President's new call for 300,000 men are in active progress. The proposed erection of a spacious building for military purposes on the large level space at the bottom of the Common is still under debate. It was casually suggested that a building of the sort proposed would be a convenient place in which to give an entertainment to our expected guests, the officers of the Russian fleet. The opposition press at once seized this as a pretext for opposing the erection of such a building. Why should the city plunge into expensive festivities, it was asked, in a time of national calamity and distress? As it happens, the visit of these guests is still remote, and the project of giving them a ball is no longer spoken of. So the enemy have lost the false pretence, which they so eagerly seized, for discouraging our proposed facilities for the work of enlistments.

There is another subject, however, upon which the hunker press of our city and of the whole country are now exercising their utmost vigor of vituperation: I mean the admirable call issued by B. Gratz Brown of Missouri and his associates for a Convention composed of the friends of freedom in the slaveholding States, to meet at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 8th of January next. In the very proposal for such a meeting the traitors read their doom, and they rage with a fury proportioned to the occasion. A descent of Greek fire into a nest of copperheads could not cause a greater squirming. The Kentucky slave-hell is stirred to its lowest depths to frighten off or fight off this dreaded incursion. The Louisville *Journal* is enraged beyond the power of joking. The Frankfort something-or-other of the same State thinks it a clear case for the exercise of mob law. The piety of your *Journal of Commerce* and the philanthropy of our *Post* are alike shocked by it. They talk as did Robert of Joarji, who dwelt among the Tombs, when he was possessed by his demon, Blustah. All of them pile up denunciatory adjectives to an alarming extent, but the one which seems to come most readily to their lips is—"fiendish."

"As a man thinketh, so is he." Nothing could better illustrate the mental and moral tendencies of slavery, the sort of thinking and feeling that it cultivates, than the simultaneous use, by its defenders North and South, of *such* a descriptive term, to designate *such* a thing. It is agreed that something "fiendish" has happened. What is it? It is a proposal that such men of the slave States as feel inclined to do so shall meet, in one of their own cities, to compare notes on the subject of slavery; to inquire whether it is really advantageous to them, and to the communities and States which they represent; and if it shall be found, on fair consideration, disadvantageous, to inquire by what means and in what manner the existing evil may be best removed. The very head and front of their offending hath this extent, no more!

Yet this is precisely the thing that cannot possibly be tolerated by slaveholders, determined to remain such. That which takes place constantly, and as a matter of course, in every Northern city, and about every subject in regard to which opinions differ—a public meeting to consider and discuss whether the matter in question had better be thus or otherwise—is not only not to be tolerated in the South, not only to be prevented and put down, law or no law, right or no right, but the very proposition to hold such a meeting and commence such a discussion is "fiendish."

It is worth our while to look a moment further, to see who are the persons who apply such an epithet to such an exercise of the constitutional right of free discussion. Of course, all this rage and fury are brought out by the fact, well known to the vituperators, that there are persons who really wish to discuss the points in question, and who have facts and propositions to submit, in regard to them, most intimately bearing on the public good. Why have not these persons heretofore assembled in the exercise of this constitutional right? Why, if one tenth-part of the reasons against slavery given in Helper's and Olmsted's books be true, have there not been many meetings, in every slave State, for open discussion of the pros and cons upon that subject? The reason is that, for half a century past, every indication of a wish to hold such discussion, public or private, has been confronted with the threat or the fact of brutal violence, by the very men who now stamp the proposal for free discussion as "fiendish."

By the liberality of the companies forming the New York and Boston railroad lines, two hospital cars have been placed on that road, to make daily trips between the two cities. Their arrangements for the comfortable and convenient transportation of sick or wounded soldiers are admirable. Each car contains nine litter-beds, suspended in such manner as to be easily adjusted and removed, and twelve folding, reclining hospital chairs, in addition to seats of the ordinary kind. Each car contains a closet for medicines and surgical apparatus, and another for stimulants and culinary stores, and each car will be in charge of a military Hospital Steward and nurse. The arrangements look as if they would supply every practicable alleviation for the painful journeys for which they are provided. These cars commenced their trips yesterday, via Worcester and Springfield. It is understood that similar cars will run between Washington and New York.

Dr. Peabody has retired from the editorship of *The North American Review*, which has been in his hands ten years, and which he conducted, for the most part, in the same style of frigid literary propriety which had previously governed it. It is said that the editorial charge is now to be in the hands of James Russell Lowell and Charles Elliot Norton. It is to be hoped that some fresh young blood may now be infused into the veins of this venerable quarterly, and that it may take knowledge of the crisis through which our country and her institutions are passing, and give its voice in favor of freedom and humanity before the crisis is past.

Our great Organ celebration took place last evening, seemingly to the entire satisfaction of the best judges of that class of music for which the instrument is intended. A long time and unwearied efforts have been expended to achieve perfection for the Music Hall Organ, and an immense audience, literally from all parts of the country, assembled to witness its inauguration. The beauty of the enlarged and newly decorated hall, the Ode, written for the occasion by a lady of this city and recited by Charlotte Cushman, the spacious and elegant front of the instrument, whose elaborate carvings in black walnut were perfectly displayed by an electric light, and the grand and rich tones which were brought out by the most accomplished masters of this instrument in the country, made a combination of attractions rarely concentrated in a single evening. The audience showed the highest delight and enthusiasm, and The Organ has taken its place among the eminent attractions of Boston.

Our election is proceeding with less bustle and excitement than usual. It is popularly said that no man can tell who will be Governor until after the election. We, however, in Massachusetts, have a sign reputed to be infallible, by which we get a peep, a few hours in advance, behind the curtain of futurity. In election matters it is confidently asserted that—"As goes Hull, so goes the State." The telegraphic report from the little town of Hull is now posted in the Merchants' Exchange, as follows: "Andrew, 17; Paine 1." It is a settled thing. John A. Andrew is elected. May your Governor be as good a man.

NORTH.

CIRCULATE THE PETITIONS.

FROM a private letter just received from Rev. Samuel J. May we copy as follows:

"Never, until to-day, have I felt how important it is that the Emancipation of all the enslaved should be effected by our next Congress. I have seen that the abolition of slavery is inevitable—and that the necessary steps to that end would be taken as quickly as the sentiment of the country would sanction it. But I now feel that more should be done to arouse and bring out the expression of the sentiment.

"The fact is, my thoughts and time have been given to other projects. In some measure to the Sanitary Commission—but more especially to the Freedman's Relief Association, which I regard as the commencement of the grand operation that is to engross all our energies, when the rebellion shall have been crushed and slavery abolished.

"We have formed an Auxiliary Association in Syracuse; have paid about $300 in the course of the last 12 months, and have lately raised $1,000 more to carry on enlarged operations during the ensuing year.

"But I ought to have paid more attention to the petition. So please send me the things mentioned above and let me try while there is yet time.

"Moreover you may rely upon me individually for $20 towards the proposed Conventions, and I will try to raise more."

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

WE give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name.	*Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

N.B.—As this petition will not be presented till after next December 12, all who will then be eighteen years old have a right to sign it.

STATE ELECTIONS.—The election in this State on Tuesday resulted in the choice of the Union ticket by a majority estimated at 30,000. The Legislature will be Union by large majorities in both branches. The Democratic majority in this city last year was over 31,000; this year it is about 12,000 less. This is what the Copperheads gained by the anti-draft riots of last July.

Massachusetts has gone Republican by a majority estimated at 50,000—a large gain over the vote of last year. Gov. Andrew had a majority (2,500) in Boston for the first time. The Legislature will be well-nigh unanimous. So much for an out-and-out Radical policy!

Wisconsin is believed to have given an Administration majority of 15,000 on the home vote. This will be largely increased by the votes of soldiers in the field.

The few returns of the Judicial election in Missouri look well. The majority of the Radicals over the Blair faction and the Democrats combined in St. Louis was 2,000.

The returns of the election in New Jersey for members of the Legislature show considerable gains for the Administration, but not sufficient to overcome the Copperhead majority of last year.

In Minnesota the whole Republican ticket is elected by a large majority.

THE LIGHT GYMNASTICS.—Mrs. Z. R. Plumb has commenced, under highly favorable auspices, her Fall term of instruction in Dr. Lewis's system of Light Gymnastics, at her establishment (late Madame Ferrars's Dancing Academy) in Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue. Some of her afternoon classes for ladies and children, and of her evening classes for ladies and gentlemen, are already full, but others are still open for those who desire instruction in this healthful system of physical exercise. A few ladies and gentlmen have already begun to form a select class for *one evening only in each week*. The evening chosen is that of Wednesday. We are confident that a considerable number of our readers in the city would gladly join this class, if they only realized the advantages, sanitary and social, to be derived from the exercises. We commend the subject to their attention. If any of our friends are disposed to join, they are requested to communicate with the Editor of THE STANDARD at once, as the class will probably be full in a few days.

TO COLORED MEN.—A colored man, who is a good penman, who has a practical knowledge of pharmacy, and can furnish satisfactory recommendations for honesty and ability, is wanted to fill the place of Hospital Steward in a Colored Regiment. Application may be made to G. F. Rogers, 67 W. Thirty-eighth street.

INFORMATION WANTED.

BOSTON, Oct. 28, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The mother of the Coppocs, of John Brown's company, is entitled to a sum of money now in my hands for her. I have failed to reach her by letter. I know that among your readers are her personal friends. Will they do me the favor to notify her, if she still lives; or inform me if she has gone to join her heroic children?

JAMES REDPATH.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The war news this week is mainly comprised in three facts, viz.: 1. Gen. Butler has been assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, in place of Gen. Foster, relieved. This change is of great importance, indicating as it does the purpose of the Administration to pursue a more uncompromising and energetic course in that Department. Gen. Butler may perchance have the honor of taking Richmond, as he took New Orleans.—2. Gen. Hooker has driven the enemy from Lookout mountain—the point from which he was obstructing the supplies of the Army of the Cumberland. That army is now relieved from a somewhat perilous position, and the enemy is falling back. Bragg's army is reported demoralized, and the blockade of the Tennessee entirely raised. Our communications throughout the department are reëstablished, and the progress of the campaign under Gen. Grant's command is regarded as highly satisfactory.—3. The bombardment of Fort Sumter was renewed on Monday, 26th ult., and was going on at the latest advices.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

NEGROES IN THE REBEL SERVICE.

The Mayor of Charleston has published a notice requiring all able-bodied male free negroes in that city to report themselves for thirty days' labor on the fortifications. Those failing to report are to be impressed. The following notice for the information of owners of slaves in Charleston is also published:

"The penalty for neglect or refusal to send a slave or slaves to work on the fortifications, according to law, shall be deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by indictment in the Court of General Sessions, and upon conviction thereof the owner or employer shall be fined in the sum of two hundred dollars for each slave or slaves he or she has so neglected or refused to send."

THE ENLISTMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

The new order for the enlistment of colored soldiers, which will soon be published, applies to Maryland Missouri, Tennessee and Delaware, but not to Kentucky or West Virginia. Delaware was added at the personal request of Gov. Cannon. Free negroes and slaves whose masters make no objection, or whose masters have aided the rebellion, are to be recruited first. If the required number—not stated—is not procured by this means, the recruiting officers are to take all who desire to fight for the country, whether their masters are willing to spare them or not.

All loyal masters whose slaves have been taken are to have descriptive lists of the property become a man, with which they may go before the bureau of colored soldiers, and after they have proved their loyalty, which is an indispensable prerequisite to the recovery of anything, shall be entitled to a sum not exceeding $300 for each enlisted freedman. From the instant a slave is mustered into the service he is to be forever free.

THE NEGRO REGIMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Maj. B. Rush Plumly, the life and hope of the colored race here, has returned from the North, and of course given an entirely new impetus to everything belonging to the organization of colored troops, the education of colored children, and everything else connected with this grand movement. Nearly thirty regiments have been already organized and fully equipped within the last few months, and the work is still going on with unabated energy. It is astounding how much can be effected by once getting "the right man in the right place," and it would have been impossible to select a man better fitted for this important duty than Maj. Plumly. With him it is not a question of mere cold and formal duty; it is actually a conviction—a religion—his whole soul is in the work he has undertaken. Adding to his zeal the vast amount of practical intelligence he brings to bear upon it, it is impossible to estimate the results we may expect from the efforts of that one man in the course of the next six months.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE NEGROES UNDER FIRE.

In the Field, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 23.—I have been much amused at the negroes at work on the batteries. Their musical taste and sense of the comical are curiously blended in their language of solid shot and shell.

Each style of projectile has its language with them. A shot from James Island says: "Where is he?" "Where is he?" "Where is he?" And is answered from Sullivan's Island, "There he is!" "There he is!" "There he is!" Then another style says: "Kill a nigger!" "Kill a nigger!" "Kill a nigger!" And in truth the language [illegible] our Katydids. The darkies stand fire well, and make, amidst the bursting of shell, a good deal of fun for themselves and all who are near them.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FREEDMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The correspondent of *The Evening Post*, in a letter dated "On the Mississippi River, Oct. 20," says:

"The Freedmen are quite numerous on Island No. 10, are employed about the island in various capacities, and seem quite happy and contented with their lot. A word or two about these freedmen. They are under the general superintendence of Chaplain Eaton, who has under his control the negro camps at Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Tenn., Fort Pickering, Memphis, President's Island, Corinth, Miss., Lagrange, Tenn., Milliken's Bend and Vicksburg. About three thousand five hundred of these are under charge of Chaplain J. R. Locke, of the second Illinois volunteer cavalry, a brave soldier and a Christian gentleman. These contrabands, when they come into camp, are examined as to the cause of their leaving their masters, are at once placed in charge of a proper person, whose business it is to have them thoroughly cleansed, provide them with quarters and find employment for them. If they bring in any money, it is taken in charge by the superintendent, who furnishes them with a receipt and checks it out to them whenever they want it, in small sums not exceeding two dollars at a time. They are at once employed at various duties, such as cooks, laborers and drivers of wagons, and places are found for them either on naval transports, in the transportation department of the army, or as servants for whatever loyal person is willing to guarantee them kind treatment and good pay. While in the camp they are allowed clothing and rations, so that they are comfortably provided for. Schools are established in each camp, and the teachers employed are usually the wives of chaplains or ladies sent out for that purpose from the various Christian Commissions of the eastern and western cities. They are said to be very obedient and learn rapidly, seeming to take great delight in trying to do well.

"At Fort Pickering, near Memphis, I noticed a number of soldiers of African descent upon guard, and Chaplain Locke tells me that they obey orders more implicitly than our white soldiers, seeming to know and perform their duty just as they are instructed to. A few days since a woman came into the contraband camp at Fort Pickering and asked if she could be given work. Chaplain Locke questioned her, and in reply she said: 'Massa, I'se from Corinth, and my old massa done gone away with the secessionists, an' de white gemman dare tried to keep me from comin', but, massa, I wud come.' Noticing that she had a bundle concealed in her bosom, he asked her what it was, and pulling out a dirty package she opened it and displayed to his eyes a glittering pile of silver and gold. 'How did you come by this?' said the Chaplain, thinking perhaps she had not come by it honestly. 'Massa, me and my ole man knowed dar would be trouble more dan six years ago, an' we worked and saved dis, fer we knowed what was comin'. We heard de white folks talk about de trouble, and I'se carried dis yere money in my buzom hid ever since dis fightin' begun.' 'And so,' said the Chaplain, 'you all knew these troubles?' 'Yes, massa, and we heard of de good Massa Linkum's proclamation to free us. You see de white folks at de house tell the servants, and the servants tell de field-hands, an' in de night, when de oberseer is gwine to bed, one of us runs ober to de next plantation and tells de news to de people dar, den goes back in time to be ready for de oberseer's call de next mornin'.' 'But,' says the Chaplain, 'are you not afraid you'll be found out?' 'Lord, no, massa, you see, we'se got a secret society, wid signs, and we knows who to trust. De good Lord is on our side, Massa, and we'll do anything for our freedom.'

"And this is how the proclamation is known, and this is one of its effects. Slavery is no more, and now the master will have to pay for the tillage of his ground, and the labor will be more cheerfully performed than heretofore. The naval officers tell me they find these contrabands very willing to work, and many duties which they can perform are done well. They obey orders, and for firemen, coal-heavers, and ordinary laborious duties of the sailor on the Mississippi they are indispensable. Nearly every naval vessel in the Mississippi squadron employs them, and every ward-room has its colored steward. A new and happy day is dawning for them."

A BRAVE NEGRO SOLDIER—THE FLAG AT FORT WAGNER.

The following letter, addressed to the military secretary of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, narrates an instance of heroism in a negro soldier which deserves to go into history:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-FOURTH MASS. VOLS.,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., October 15, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to forward you the following letter, received a few days since from Sergeant W. H. Carney, Company C, of this regiment. Mention has before been made of his heroic conduct in preserving the American flag and bearing it from the field, in the assault on Fort Wagner on the 18th of July last, but that you may have the history complete, I send a simple statement of the facts as I have obtained them from him, and an officer who was an eye-witness:

When the sergeant arrived to within about one hundred yards of the fort—he was with the first battalion, which was in the advance of the storming column—he received the regimental colors, pressed forward to the front rank, near the Colonel, who was leading the men over the ditch. He says, as they ascended the wall of the fort, the ranks were full, but as soon as they reached the top, 'they melted away' before the enemy's fire 'almost instantly.' He received a severe wound in the thigh, but fell only upon his knees. He planted the flag upon the parapet, lay down on the outer slope, that he might get as much shelter as possible; there he remained for over half an hour till the Second brigade came up. He kept the colors flying until the second conflict was ended. When our forces retired, he followed, creeping on one knee, *still holding up the flag*. It was thus that Sergeant Carney came from the field, having held the emblem of liberty over the walls of Fort Wagner, during the sanguinary conflict of the two brigades, and having received two very severe wounds, one in the thigh and one in the head. Still he refused to give up his sacred trust until he found an officer of his regiment.

When he entered the field hospital, where his wounded comrades were being brought in, they cheered him and the colors. Though nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, he said, '*Boys, the old flag never touched the ground.*'

Of him as a man and a soldier, I can speak in the highest terms of praise.

I have the honor to be, Colonel, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

M. S. LITTLEFIELD,
Col. Commanding 54th Reg. Mass. Vols.

Col. G. G. Browne, Jr., Military Secretary to his Excellency John A. Andrew, Mass.

Summary.

The Mobile *Register* says: "The negro is no longer an object of small talk in the South. The people of the South have a place for them, and that is in the army. *There should be no distinction in color* when a man is willing to fight for his home and master."

EASTERN CAPITAL INVESTED.—We understand that a Boston, Massachusetts, firm have just invested $22 000 in mineral lands near Potosi, Washington County, with the view of commencing mining operations immediately. The land purchased contains upwards of four thousand acres.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

The branch of the underground railroad which extends into Maryland is doing a large business. On the night of the 18th inst., fifty slaves disappeared from the vicinity of Leonardtown, and during the previous week nearly one hundred took passage from St. Mary's County, and have not since been heard of.

JUSTICE AT LAST.—Dr. Wright was executed on the 16th ult., in Norfolk, for the murder of Lieut. Sanborn. Sanborn, it will be remembered, was Lieutenant of a colored company, and was shot by the doctor while leading his men through the street. The murderer was condemned by a military court; but his case was remitted by the President to a civil tribunal, by which he has again been found guilty.

Meeting a noble-looking African in the depot, I asked him if he were free. His face saddened as he said: "No, sah; when de Yankees come, massa turn a mighty strong Union man, hire me out to de railroad, and move to Louisville." "But you don't want to be free; you couldn't take care of yourself; you would far rather be as you are." He understood the irony; his eyes snapped, and he answered: "When I draw de first breff of freedom, dis nigga am ready to die!"—*Letter from Kentucky.*

PLANTATION MANNERS.—A private letter from Paris thus refers to the "plantation manners" of the distinguished representatives of Virginian gentlemen in France: "The rebels Morehead and Mason are daily to be seen at the new grand hotel. A few minutes ago I saw the latter there, rolling his quid, as a New England boy chews spruce gum

Miscellaneous Department.

JOHN BROWN'S MARCH.

[The following lines, now for the first time published in this country, are by a young lady of Dublin, Ireland, and show the profound sympathy, in the cause of American freedom, which warms some hearts in the Old World :]

John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave,
It lies amidst the mountains of the Adirondack lone,
A grey rock looms above it and the sighing grasses wave,
But his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
He lives forever, though on earth his race is run,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

They could not chain his spirit nor lay him below the sod;
They freed him from a prison here to mount in joy on high;
"Though worms destroy this body, yet I shall behold my God,"
Was his soul's exulting cry.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
He lives forever, though on earth his race is run,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on,

The torch by him left smould'ring shall give light in other hands;
His voice which now is silent shall be echoed o'er and o'er;
Till slavery has ceased to be, and freedom in all lands
Shall reign for evermore.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
He lives forever, though on earth his race is run,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He failed, yet as a victor we will crown our hero brave;
Beneath Jehovah's banner was his duty nobly done.
And we grieve not that his body lies mould'ring in the grave,
For his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
He lives forever, though on earth his race is run,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

D. W.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

WHAT THEY EAT AND DRINK.

Before going to a foreign country it is very useful to know what to "eat, drink, and avoid." It is a popular belief among certain classes in England that the Russians have a great partiality for tallow candles, as a nutritive article of diet, and that train-oil stands higher in their estimation than pale ale or stout. There is no necessity for us to remark on the absurdity of this. That they are fond of grease is certain, for they can scarcely cook anything without a liberal allowance of butter. Therefore, were we to tell you what to avoid, in the event of your paying a visit to the Baltic provinces, we should enumerate so many things that you would be half-starved if you followed our advice. You may be in a house, and hear a tremendous thumping in an adjoining room; in the innocence of your heart you imagine they must be beating carpets, when, in fact, they are preparing a beefsteak for cooking! After thus pounding it, they fry it in butter, and when it comes to table, it looks like so much horse-flesh. You take a little, in order to save appearances, and make your dinner of bread and cheese, or anything else that may present itself, or wait till you get home. It is, however, but justice to state, that at the first class restaurations at St. Petersburg you can get a beautiful steak.

When Russians rise in the morning, they take a cup of coffee and a few rusks; at twelve, they will have what they call breakfast, but what we would call lunch; at three or four they dine; and at about eight or nine they take tea, with which they have meat; and they have no supper. Shortly before dinner, they take a glass of *schnapps*, or spirits, with a sardine, a piece of raw herring, or some caviare, and a portion of bread. They believe this to be provocative of appetite. This schnapps is a kind of liquor. The Russians are famous for these liqueurs, some of which are very good and cheap. Caviare is one of the most celebrated Russian dishes. It is the row of sturgeons, which they spread on bread, and eat with much gusto. Most strangers are partial to it. At dinner, one dish is handed round at a time, ready carved; the host and hostess thus have no trouble, and can pay more attention to their guests. And very curious things they have for dinner. We have been amazed at the diversity of soups; they make soups out of everything; they even press beer into the service and make soup out of that! In Summer they have a very favorite dish—sour milk. Our readers will doubtless remark: "Sour milk, why, it is only fit for pigs." To which we would most respectfully reply: "Then don't give it to them, but eat it yourselves." This is one of the notions we might import with advantage. It is prepared thus: pour some milk into a shallow dish, and put it in a rather warm place until it gets solid. It is then served up, and eaten with cream, nutmeg, and sugar; and we can assure our readers it is delicious and refreshing. It is likewise a favorite dish in Germany. They have another national German dish—*sawerkaut*. Our readers have doubtless all heard of the black bread of Russia. It is made of rye, and has a sourish taste, which is at first disagreeable; but you soon become accustomed to it, and often prefer it to wheaten bread. It is very wholesome, and is eaten by all classes. They say the finest finest bread in the world is made at Moscow. The finest we have tasted was at St. Petersburg. There they sell it at stalls in the streets. At the Gostini Dwar are several of these stalls, the proprietors of which must have thought that our mission to St. Petersburg was solely to get our bread, or, at all events, that we stood in most urgent need of it, for they held it before us, and pressed us to buy, in the most energetic and persevering manner. We wonder they didn't thrust champagne on us in the same pressing manner, for nothing can seemingly be done in Russia without it. The consumption is enormous. We should think much more is drunk in Russia than is made in France.

Now, we will give you another Russian notion, which you will doubtless think as ridiculous as the last, until you have tried it. When you take tea, use a tumbler instead of a cup, and, in lieu of milk, put in a slice of lemon. A Russian will tell you that milk spoils tea, and we are decidedly of his opinion; and we are likewise of his opinion that tea in a tumbler, with a lemon in it, is a most delicious and refreshing drink. And, let us tell you, the Russians ought to be good judges, for they are perhaps the greatest tea-drinkers in the world. Some of them take sugar, not *in* their tea, but *with* it; they put the sugar between their teeth, and then drink the tea. They are great connoisseurs of tea, and boast of getting the finest in the world; and certainly, if price is a test of quality, they most unquestionably do get the finest, for they sometimes pay as much as 35*s.* a pound for it. They get it overland, and assert that the sea-voyage spoils it. We are not in a position to decide this question; but we think the fact of their having better tea is owing to their paying the Chinese a higher price than anybody else. A great deal, doubtless, depends on the making of it. They have admirable tea-machines, called *samovers*. They somewhat resemble our urns; but instead of a hot iron they use charcoal. They make the tea in a small tea-pot, place it on the top of the samover, and the heat from the charcoal thus draws all the strength and flavor out of the tea. They pour a small quantity into a tumbler, and fill it up with hot water. So addicted are the Russians to drinking tea that some of them are at it all day long, particularly the shopkeepers, who cannot make a bargain without sundry glasses of it. Such a national custom is it that the people ask you for *natchai* (tea-money) instead of beer-money.

THE RUSSIANS AT A BARGAIN.

There is an amazing number of Jews in Russia, who decidedly belong to the great unwashed class. These people are as industrious and as desirous of turning a penny as they are everywhere else. The Russians have quite adopted their manner of trading. Let us illustrate it by an experience of our own. You enter a shop, and ask the price of a portmanteau. "Nine roubles." "Nine roubles! I'll give you five." "Five! It cost me seven." "Come, I'll give you five and a half." "No! you may have it for eight." "No; I'll give five and a half." "Impossible. Less than eight I cannot take." "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—I will give you six roubles, and not a kopeck more." "Well, now, say seven and a half, and you can have it—not a kopeck less." This will go on for a long time; the shopkeeper will make frequent and energetic appeals to Heaven, and will extol his goods to the utmost, until, your patience being exhausted, you prepare to quit the shop, when he will call you back and say: "Give me your money." The loss of time attending these transactions appears to be of no consideration; it is astonishing what time and eloquence they will waste in order to gain a few kopecks more than the value of the article.

The Russian is remarkably cute at driving a bargain. According to careful calculations that have been made, it is calculated that it takes two Jews to do a Russian. We have often marveled at the impudence of the tradesmen in Russia asking such exorbitant prices for their goods. What with their cupidity, and the enormous duties, nearly everything is charged at a fabulous rate. This renders Russia the most expensive place in the world to reside in. A small family living at St. Petersburg, and studying the strictest economy, will require an income of three hundred pounds a year. While on the subject of business, we may state that the Russians have a way of contracting with their doctors; these gentlemen do not have a regular fee, but are paid according to the means of the patient.

Among the customs of the Russians is a very sensible one for New Year's day; everybody is expected to pay everybody else a congratulatory visit on that day. Everybody expects a present at Christmas; even merchants make their clerks handsome presents at this time.

We were at first much astonished at the childish games they have at some of their parties; for instance, games somewhat resembling blindman's buff, in which old and young all join. In a short time, you become accustomed to this, and enjoy it as heartily as the others.

HOW THEY DRIVE.

The only sport the Russians indulge in is an occasional wolf-hunt, or shooting. They are decidedly bad riders, but they have some pretty horses, which have the recommendation of being cheap. They prefer driving to riding, and have some remarkably neat equipages. The harness is particularly light and graceful, and they do not adopt that ugly and silly custom of having blinkers to the horses; neither do they adopt the ridiculous and cruel plan of cutting their horses' tails short, but leave them as nature intended—for ornament and use. They take the right hand side of the road when driving. Their mode of driving is very peculiar: they hold a rein in each hand, and stretch out their arm to the utmost in a line with the horse. This method must be particularly fatiguing. The Russian has great predilection for fast driving, and he is very skillful. A very fashionable mode with them is the *troika;* this is three horses harnessed abreast; the one in the shafts trots, while the others gallop, the outside ones having their necks turned round as far as possible from the center horse, and held in that position by a strap for the purpose. This is considered the acme of elegance; but, to our thinking, it is as ungraceful as cruel, and an outrage on nature.

THEIR DIRT AND THEIR BATHING.

Some writers attack the Russians for their foul habits. To a certain extent, they are right, and any unfortunate traveller who has to sleep at one of the country inns will soon have a lively impression of it. As the Russian peasant does not take off his clothes for a week at a time, you may suppose that the odor emanating from his body does not much resemble frankincense or musk; to be frank with you, he smells abominably. But perhaps our readers are desirous of learning on what solemn occasion it is that he does undress. He does so every week when he takes his bath. To do the Russian justice, he is particularly attached to his bath; and so, probably would our readers be, if they once experienced it. The bath in Russia is a regular institution, and is therefore deserving of particular mention. You can form but little idea how very important it is, in their estimation. Every Saturday may be seen hundreds of men, women and children carrying a bundle of twigs with the leaves on, and repairing to the baths, while others will be returning from them with remarkably red and clean faces. The price varies from 1*d.* to 6*s.* If you pay less than 1*s.* 6*d.*, you will have to bathe with others. And this is the *modus operandi*.

We will suppose you are taking your first bath. You undress in one room; pass through a second, which is very warm; and then into a third, which is still warmer. In one corner of the last is a large stove; in another three or four very broad steps or benches, the highest being about three feet from the ceiling; there are likewise an ordinary warm bath, a shower and a douche bath; also a broad bench. You mount to the top of the steps, and lie down; the attendant opens the door of the stove, and throws a couple of pails of water on the hot stones placed therein; a volume of steam rushes out, ascends to the ceiling, and envelopes you; you begin to gasp like a fish out of water; the steam appears to be scorching you; the perspiration runs off you like rain; you feel very faint, and dip some bass into cold water, and bathe your face; this most likely recovers you; but you feel so excessively hot, that you make a bolt, unless you have plenty of pluck, in which case you clench your teeth with the determination of going through with it. The attendant now climbs up to you and mercilessly commences a flagellation with a bunch of switches having the leaves on, which he keeps dipping into hot water. You fancy, if you had the choice, that you would sooner be a boy again, submitting to a sound thrashing from your much-respected schoolmaster. You groan under the operation; your torturer, instead of heeding this, turns you round so as to whip every part of your body. When that punishment is over he tells you to descend, which you do with wonderful alacrity. He then places you under the shower or douche bath, or throws a few pails of tepid or cold water over you. You already feel somewhat better, but he has not yet done with you; he puts you into a warm bath, and afterwards tells you to lie down on the bench; he then takes a handful of bass, soaps it till it is covered with lather, and gives you such a washing as you never had in your life. When that is finished, he throws some more buckets of water over you. You then go into room No. 2, have a large towel thrown over you, and are rubbed dry. You then, if you feel inclined, lie down on the couch, and smoke a cigarette, and finally emerge from the bath "like man new made." You may have entered it languid, tired, harassed, and poorly; you return home thoroughly refreshed invigorated, and ready to jump or run for a wager. When you get used to this bath—which you very soon do—you experience no disagreeable sensations whatever, but, on the contrary, thoroughly enjoy every stage of it.

The bath is the only enjoyment—except getting drunk—that most of the poor people in Russia have. To some of you, it may appear the height of madness to have cold water thrown over you while in such a violent state of perspiration. But this is easily explained. Bear in mind that there are two kinds of perspiration, active and passive. If you were to plunge into cold water immediately after taking some violent exercise, it would in all probability be your death; but to do so when in a passive state—as occasioned by the bath—it is invigorating and refreshing. At Hamburg, we went to have a cold douche bath, and the attendant showed us into a room full of steam, and told us to lie down there for a short time previous to having it. On asking the reason of this, he said it was not healthy to take a cold-bath without having a vapor one. It is said that the peasantry, on emerging from the steam-bath will roll themselves in the snow; and we believe the North American Indians do much the same thing. They dig a hole in the ground, make a fire at the bottom of it, upon which they place some stones; when these are hot, they jump in, cover themselves over, get well steamed, and then roll in the snow. The frequency with which the Russians indulge in this bath is considered to be injurious, and is partly the cause of the sallow complexions of many of them.

PUNISHMENTS—FLOGGING.

Now that we have described a flogging for amusement, let us speak of a flogging in earnest. The mention of Russia will doubtless be associated in the minds of most of you with that terrible instrument, the "knout." It is a long thong made of leather, plaited in a triangular form, and fastened to a short handle; and such a fearful instrument is it that it is said the executioner can, with one well-directed blow, deprive the victim of life. We will not vouch for this, but have frequently heard it. However, to the honor of the present race of Russians be it said, that this torture has been abolished for many years. The punishment of death is likewise abolished, except in cases of high treason, or for grave offences in the army; they adopt instead the following method: the murderer is condemned to be thrice publicly whipped, and then sent to Siberia. We will describe a scene at which we were present. The culprit was a woman who had been guilty of eight or nine murders. It was in the depth of Winter. She was seated on a high seat placed in the middle of a kind of van, painted black; on her breast-hung a board, on which were written her name and offence. She was escorted by a body of police with drawn swords, and closely conveyed to the scaffold. This was erected about four feet from the ground, painted black, and had a post in the centre. On her arrival the police formed two sides of a square, presented arms, and an officer stepped forward and read the particulars of her trial in three languages—Russian, Lettish and German. This took some time. At its conclusion, they assisted her up the steps, stripped her to the waist, put a noose round her wrists, drew the rope through a ring at the top of the post so as to raise her arms, and tied the other end of it round her legs. The executioner had on each side of the scaffold two bundles of rods; three rods were fastened together at one end, so that each stroke counted as three, and, in fact, one blow raised three weals. She was condemned to suffer ninety blows on each occasion; she therefore only received thirty strokes with the rod. We will forbear to wound your feelings by a further description, and merely remark that, after being whipped three times, she would have to walk to Siberia, which journey occupies, we believe, nine months. There was a good deal of solemnity about the scene, and, we imagine, it would serve as at least as great a caution as hanging. Criminals have half the head shaved every month, and have a small, square piece of black cloth let into the back of their jackets; the worst characters have chains about their legs.

The stick is a grand institution in Russia. It is considered that things cannot go on satisfactorily for long without it, and it is therefore in great request. Some affirm that the people like you all the better after a dose of stick, and think very little of you unless you frequemtly prescribe a dose of that medicine; and nothing is easier; you have no trouble whatever about it. All you have to do is to send to the police office, and they will, with much alacrity and pleasure, send two men for the delinquent, carry him off to the prison, give him a sound thrashing, and send him home, as they imagine, a better man, or woman, as the case may be, for the police are not at all particular, and they are so very obliging in such cases. The porter at the house where we lived quarreled with the landlord, and threatened to burn the house down; shortly afterwards, two policemen came, and obligingly intimated to him that certain sticks in the neighborhood were particularly desirous of having an interview with him. He was duly thrashed, and positively appeared better for it, for he became much more civil. But the present enlightened Emperor is making reforms here as well as in most other things affecting Russia, although the less said about unhappy Poland the better. He does not believe in the wonderful efficacy of the stick, and is gradually putting an end to it. The police do not walk the streets as they do in London, but are stationed at their boxes or huts, which, like the plums in a school-pudding, are few and far between; you will therefore be quite right in imagining that these gentlemen can be of little or no use. The inhabitants are certainly of that opinion, for in order to protect their property, they have a private watchman to sit outside their door all night. This individual, like our Charleys, of the good old times, is much more partial to sleeping than watching; but when a passer-by happens to wake him, he will start up and make a riot which Dominie Sampson would term pro-di-gi-ous by knocking two pieces of wood together, in order to convince people that he is wide-awake and no mistake. But the poor fellows are greatly to be pitied in the Winter-time, for, however cold it may be, they are obliged to keep watch outside. Why they couldn't guard the house as well inside as out, is one of the Russian mysteries that has not been explained to me; possibly the reason is, that it would necessitate their having another watchman to watch *him*.

PASSPORTS.

If you reside in the country, you must, like the natives, have a yearly residential passport, which is good for the whole empire; and when you leave the country, the officials are bound to give you a pass within twenty-four hours; but you are obliged to obtain a certificate from the police previously, stating that no debts are lodged against you. If you owe any money, and the creditor gives notice to the police, you are not allowed to leave the country till it be paid. During the whole time that we were in Russia, we had not the slightest trouble or annoyance about our passport.

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

We spoke of the habit the Russians have of crossing themselves; to such an extent is this carried, that they never commence a journey without doing it several times. We can quite understand their calling in the aid of religion when about to travel in one of their ordinary conveyances, for they are without springs, and what with that and the badness of the roads, the jolting is so terrific you imagine all the bones in your body must be dislocated ere you arrive at the end of your journey. It is the most awful mode of travelling conceivable. In order to mitigate it as much as possible, the Russians are in the habit of travelling with one or more feather-pillows. Travelling in Russia is excessively fatiguing, unless you can go by the railway, and even then it is not expeditious; however, the arrangements for one's comfort are exceedingly good. The carriages—as on the German lines—are very comfortable, and far superior to ours. Their second class are equal to our first, and their third to our second. Our third-class carriages they would rightly consider to be only fit for cattle. The Germans have a saying that only princes, fools, and Englishmen travel first class. In Winter, the carriages are well warmed; and in order to conduce as much as possible to the comfort of the passengers, they place ash-pans in the carriages for the accommodation of smokers. On the Moscow line, the carriages are built on the American principle. Two or three times during the day, they stop twenty minutes at a station, in order to take breakfast, dinner, or tea. As soon as the train stops, the tables are laid out with various hot dishes, wines, beer, tea, and coffee; the attendence is first rate, and the prices are very moderate, a tariff of the same being hung up in the room. So far, the contrasts are in favor of the Russian lines; but there are some very serious drawbacks. In the first place, they go wretchedly slow, their highest rate of speed not exceeding twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. Then, if you have but a moderate quantity of luggage, they charge as much for it as for yourself. We would recommend all continental travellers who have much luggage to forward it by the goods-train, by which it will be taken at a very reasonable price. There are two curious stories in connection with the St. Petersburg and Moscow line. When the plan was submitted to the Emperor Nicholas for his approval, he, of course found that the line made various detours, in order to accommodate the towns in the vicinity. This did not coincide with that autocrat's idea of a Russian railway; he therefore himself turned engineer: he took a ruler and pencil, and by the simple and expeditious process of drawing a straight line from one city to the other, ordered that to be the railway! And so it was; and it is consequently the straightest line in the world, and the most unaccommodating one. But that is not the strangest circumstance respecting it. The most ridiculous is that after the contractors and various officials had been paid, it was discovered that the line had shrunk as much as thirty miles! Perhaps Baron Munchausen would account for this by the severity of the cold! Russia is a splendid country for railway work. It is so level that no tunnels are required, and there are no cuttings or embankments of any importance; while there is an abundance of timber. But there is one little drawback—a very large amount of money is required for bribes. That is a matter of course, and scarcely anything in Russia can be accomplished without it.

LITERATURE AND TRADE.

Journalism in Russia is at a very low ebb; their newspapers are very inferior, and will bear no comparison whatever with ours. However, they have some admirable magazines, which are cheap and command a large circulation. In them are translations of the most popular English works of fiction. Sutherland Edwards, in his The Russians at Home, has a very clever and interesting chapter on this subject, a perusal of which, as well as the entire work, we can strongly recommend. The censorship in Russia is nothing like so strict as it used to be. They seldom stop a book. So far as our own experience goes, we took over about three hundred, among which were three or four republican works, and not one was stopped. They frequently blot out paragraphs in the foreign newspapers, and in such an efficient manner that there is no chance of reading them. By the by, the censorship is carried to a very ridiculous extreme with respect to theatricals. To give one instance—the opera of Massaniello may be performed entire, but it must be called The Duke of Burgundy! In a country like Russia, you may be sure that trade is considerably hampered, and that great monopolies exist. Protection is carried out almost to its fullest extent, and imposes privations and much expense on the general public; and in spite of this, the manufacturers cannot compete with other countries. Nevertheless, it is now much more free than it was a few years since. Foreigners may now trade on an equal footing with the natives. In fact, most of the external commerce of Russia is in the hands of foreigners—most of the large commercial houses being English. Russia is an excellent place for business, and the profits are very large. The land, for agricultural purposes, is magnificent; and though agriculture has hitherto been carried on in a very rude state, a great deal of machinery is now imported from Germany. A very serious drawback is the bad roads. There is vast room for improvement in the breeding of cattle, most of the animals being wretchedly interior; the sheep in particular are very small and lean. Pork and veal are very good; poultry is plentiful and excellent. The Russians breed an amazing number of bees. There is plenty of game, including deer, in the country. And those who are partial to a spice of danger in the chase, can be excellently accommodated in hunting the bear or wolf.

The Scottish Clergyman and the Innkeeper.—I well remember in my boyhood the picturesque manse of Luss, filled with guests all the Summer. Indeed, no strangers of distinction would have missed the opportunity of inspecting the rare botanical collection contained in the manse garden, or of becoming acquainted with its scholarly and scientific possessor. The hospitalities of the manse were, however, a perpetual source of irritation to the drunken innkeeper, who fancied himself robbed of his annual harvest; and one night, when the manse was very full and the inn very empty, he slyly took down his sign-post and stuck it over the minister's parlor window. Dr. S.'s first intimation that he had set up in the public line was the fiery visage of Boniface glaring in upon the breakfast table, with the ominous words, "Since ye've ta'en away a' the company, ye may just tak' the sign tae."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

An Elephant's Trunk.—One has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is; but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant, for not only can the latter deliver a blow of a ton or so, and break an egg or a nut, but it can pick up a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty man power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

About four years ago you published in The Standard the following lines, which I now send for republication (if you see fit), to prove that devoted anti-slavery persons sometimes have the gift of prophecy.

Concord, Mass.

THE HERO OF GAZA.

To Dagon's blood-stained alter throng
Philistia's brave and fair,
In veil, and tiar, and purple robe,
In gold and jewels rare.

Dagon demands a sacrifice,
And wine must freely flow;
For had he not ensnared for them
Their hated giant foe?

The wine has flowed, the feast has cloyed,
Then shout that Pagan court:
"Bring hither Samson from his mill,
That he may make us sport."

They brought him, blind, and prison-stained,
Low bowed, and soul subdued;
Waiting his captor's proud commands
Gaza's great hero stood.

He made them sport, while young and old
Gazed from the temple's roof,
With jibe, and jeer, and mocking laugh,
Taunt, menace, and reproof.

Then woke the slumbering soul within,
Then roused the hero's pride;
Raising his hands and face to heaven,
He thus, in anguish, cried:

"Oh, Israel's God, look down on me,
Groping in endless night!
Restore me once—this only once—
My squandered youthful might!"

He seized the columns right and left,
And all the giant bowed;
Down, down the pondrous ruin crushed
On Dagon's shrieking crowd.

He heard the Pagan's dying cry,
And mid his anguish smiled,
Then died; but o'er his mangled corpse
A hecatomb was piled.

Thou, Christian Champion of the North,
A better fate is thine,
For thou shalt *see* the blood-stained priests
Crushed by their fallen shrine.

The temple totters to its base,
The idol waits its doom,
Its head of brass and feet of clay
Bend to their ready tomb.

And thou with eyes undimmed shalt see,
Where stood that reeking dome,
A tower for all the world's oppress'd,
A refuge and ah ome.

TWO BOSTON BOYS.

On the night of the 21st May, 1772, a young physician in Boston was summoned to the house of an eminent citizen of that thriving town, and assisted in bringing into the world a male child. Before he had quitted the house in which this "well-spring of joy" had been introduced, a summons came to him to render his professional services in the house of another eminent citizen; and within an hour another male child had been added to the population of the New England capital. Each of these boys was named after his father; one of them was called John Singleton Copley, and the other Josiah Quincy. The young physician who had officiated at their birth was Joseph Warren, who, three years later, gained the hero-martyr's crown of immortality on Bunker Hill, by giving his life to the sacred cause of freedom. The lately published proceedings of the Ethnological Society of London revive the old absurdity of the deterioration of the European stock on this continent, one of its members having contributed an essay in favor of that exploded theory. But the career of these two Boston boys is a fine illustration of the utter absurdity of this ethnological trumpery, for they were not only themselves Boston boys, but the sons of Boston boys. One of them has just departed this life in England, at the age of ninety one—the foremost man of the British peerage, while the other yet lives in vigorous senility in his native town, with undiminished mental powers, as his recently published letter to President Lincoln fully proves. It would be a curious speculation to trace out the probable career of these two Boston boys, if their infant history had been reversed, and Josiah Quincy had been carried to England in his third year, while the boy Copley had remained in Boston. The two were so much alike in essential qualities that it is hardly probable the result would have been much different. They have both attained to the highest honors in their respective countries, and both by pursuing the same course—by lives of unquestioned integrity and by ranging themselves on the side of human freedom; while one was educated at Cambridge in England, the other was educated at Cambridge in Massachusetts; and while one was denouncing with eloquent force the political corruptions of the times in Congress, the other was doing a similar work in the Imperial Parliament.

There are many curious points of resemblance in the personal career of the two men, but they differed in one essential particular—the boy Copley being the son of a poor artist, while the boy Quincy was born to an opulent inheritance. Copley, the portrait-painter, had already gained colonial eminence by his talent when his son was born, and old Boston mansions are rich in examples of his skill, which preserve to us the likenesses of the stately dames of ante-Revolutionary times; but he had never been abroad, he was anxious to improve himself by a visit to Italy, and to gain distinction in the mother country. He left his native town for England in 1775, taking his family and his infant boy with him, and never returned to it. He gained the reputation he went in pursuit of, and became one of the foremost painters of England. He gave his son all the advantages that a good education could bestow, and lived to see him eminent as a lawyer, and on the way to the exalted position he reached in his prime. In his early career, Copley was a liberal among politicians, and the walls of London were pasted with bills bearing the names of "Copley and Liberty"; but in his later days he was ranked among the Conservatives, though he never proved untrue to the cause of the people. After filling many important offices, and distinguishing himself by his eloquence in his parliamentary career, he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lyndhurst, on taking the seals as Lord Chancellor, as the successor of Lord Eldon in 1828, in the ministry of the Duke of Wellington; and though he remained on the woolsack, as the office of Lord Chancellor is called, but a year at first, he was three times chosen to the same high post, and maintained his position as the most eloquent orator of the House of Lords until within a few years of his death—his last speech having been made in 1859, against the paper duty, when, in his eighty-seventh year, he astonished his peers by the vigor, clearness, and eloquence of his langauge as well as by his hearty looks and grace of manner. Lord Lyndhurst had been twice married, but he leaves no son to inherit his title. By his second marriage, which occurred in his seventieth year, he leaves a daughter—his wife having been the daughter of an eminent Jewish banker named Goldsmith.

It does not appear that Lord Lyndhurst ever had any strong feelings of attachment for his native country, though in leaving the university he availed himself of the opportunity which his appointment as "travelling bachelor" gave him to visit the United States, when he visited Washington, and was well received at Mount Vernon. He was essentially an Englishman, and he entered the university with the intention of preparing himself for holy orders; but his genius fitted him for politics, and he wisely adopted the bar as his road to fortune. It was simply a question whether he should be an Archbishop or a Lord Chancellor. He was the only American who has been raised to the peerage; if he had remained in his native country, he could not have failed to reach the highest distinction, though, like his venerable cotemporary, he would probably have failed to reach the highest offices in the gift of a people because he was of a too noble and upright nature to stoop to the arts of the demagogue, by which such positions with us can only be gained. A sister of Lord Lyndhurst, Mrs. Gardner Greene, was recently living in Boston, where she has always resided, but no other members of his father's family are left alive here. An excellent portrait of Lord Lyndhurst, in his Chancellor's robes, painted some twenty years since by Mr. S. S. Osgood, is in the portrait-gallery of the New York Historical Society on Second avenue, and, in the same gallery, there is a portrait by his father, an admirable specimen of his style, which was painted before he left Boston. It is a curious illustration of the singularly unostentatious habits of Lord Lyndhurst, as well as of the permanency of English social life, that he continued to occupy until his death the same house which his father had occupied before him. He was a man of extremely temperate habits, great dignity of manners, of commanding presence, a polished scholar, and extremely happy at repartee. Reversing Doctor Johnson's bitter epigram on Lord Chesterfield, it could be said of her epigram on Lord Chesterfield, it could be said of him that he was a lord among lords and a wit among wits.

The venerable compeer of Lord Lyndhurst, Josiah Quincy, yet lives in Boston, surrounded by three generations of his descendants who bear his own name, two of whom have distinguished themselves in politics and literature, and who maintain the family honors by their devotion to the cause of truth and freedom. May it be long before we shall be called upon to write the obituary of the honored head of this honored family!—*Independent.*

Remarkable Discoveries in Pompeii.—New discoveries are reported from Pompeii. A house has been uncovered, which, to judge from the splendor of its interior, and its almost perfect furniture, must have belonged to a very wealthy proprietor. The dining-room is paved with mosaic. The completely served table is covered with petrified remnants of dishes; and around it are found three divans, or table-beds, of bronze, richly adorned with gold and silver, upon which reposed several skeletons. A great many precious jewels were found near them. On the table stood, among other ornaments, a very beautifully worked statue of Bacchus in silver, with eyes of enamel, a collar of jewels, and precious armlets.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND HER INTRIGUES.

She was and is a determined and energetic ally of the Pope, and for him she plotted and worked with an energy worthy of any cause. She sent him vast sums of money, obtained from irregular sources; she collected from her adherents and surrounders all they could give her; caused contributions to be exacted from even the servants in the imperial household; and, at last, when she had exhausted all her means, she pledged to the old duke of Brunswick — a monomaniac upon the subject of possessing diamonds—the jewels which the great cities of France, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasburg, and others presented to her on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon. These jewels were, strictly speaking, crown property, but in her over zeal and religious enthusiasm, largely spiced with a spirit of opposition to her husband's wishes, she sold those jewels and sent the sums obtained to Pius IX.

Her old antagonist, M. Fould, has been recalled to office by the emperor, who is aware of his great worth, and as minister of finance, Fould is once more in direct opposition to the wild extravagance of Eugenie. He pleads and menaces, but prayers and threats are alike ineffectual. The palace of the Elysees, which their majesties are to occupy next year, has just been renovated. The apartments destined for the empress were magnificent. She found them insufficiently so, and has caused changes and ordered additional decorations which will cost millions upon millions. The change of character which is so noticeable in Eugenie is not the only one observable in her majesty. Though but thirty-six years of age, her beauty is sadly on the wane. Her cheeks are now pendent, her hair thin and falling, while the nose—formerly so well shaped, so precisely adapted to her style of feature—seems far too prominent. This effect is no doubt produced by the falling of the cheeks. Then her majesty has resorted to what the French term "*maquillage*"—that is, painting cheeks, eyebrows, lashes and lips. Her make up is scientific, but plainly to be detected; and the persons who see the empress now for the first time exclaim, "Why, she is not nearly so handsome as she has been represented!" She is not handsome now. Her brow has lost its bright, amiable look; the cares of her newly-assumed position have wrinkled its once smooth surface; besides, she is a Spanish woman, and they soon fade. She has become capricious and overbearing—jealous she has ever been since her marriage, and with good cause. Her present extravagance is unpardonable; in fact the woman is totally transformed. The query now is, was she really all she seemed, or was it policy?—were her amiability and sweetness of deportment but assumed as occasion required?

Should Napoleon be suddenly deprived of life, and Eugenie be thus made regent, the world will witness strange deeds. It will see the Pope controlling the vast empire of France. With such an eventuality possible, a great interest centres in Eugenie—the no longer amiable, kind, good and charitable empress; but the madly-extravagant, bigoted, superstitious tool of the wily Jesuits.—*Harper's Magazine.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF INDIA.

INTERESTING AND EXCITING FIGHT BETWEEN AN ICHNEUMON AND A COBRA.

In a letter to the Madras (India) *Times*, dated Trichinopoly, July 15, and signed by three officers of the Indian service, we find the following interesting account of a fight between a mongoose or ichneumon and a cobra:

We think the long-vexed question, whether the mongoose on being bitten by the cobra retires into the jungle and finds some herb as an antidote to the poison, or whether the venom of the serpent produces no effect on the animal, has been at last settled. On Saturday morning last, while seated in the messhouse with several officers of the regiment, a servant came and stated that a snake had been seen by one of the guard to enter a hole in the ground close to where the guard was. We immediately sent for a mongoose (a tame one, and the property of an officer) and put him to the hole. He soon began to scratch away the earth; and in half an hour a fine cobra, about a yard long, came forward, with head erect and hood distended, to attack the mongoose, who seemed to care nothing for the reptile, but merely jumped out of the way to avoid the blows which the snake made at him. The mongoose unfortunately had just been fed, consequently did not show sufficient inclination to go in at him and kill him; so we secured the snake and carried him over to one of the officer's quarters to have the contest carried out there, after the mongoose should have had some little time to get over his breakfast. After a couple of hours rest, we placed the cobra in a room, with closed doors (we having in the meantime taken up a secure station in the room from which we could observe all the movements of the combatants), the mongoose was let in and the fight commenced.

The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprung back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably. This lessened considerably his distance from the ground; the mongoose, at once seeing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter, again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him.

It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other; we will limit ourselves to describe the final and most interesting encounter.

The fight had lasted some three quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed to nerve themselves to a final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defence for that of attack, seemed determined now "to do or die." Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose (owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backwards, as he had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, to all appearances, fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after having inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra, that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, unfolded his coil, and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest. The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim; and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before, that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour of the infliction of the bite, showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound. After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine, with a pocket lens, the wounds which he had received from the cobra; and, in washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed the broken fang of the cobra imbedded in the head of the mongoose. To discover whether there was any truth in the assertion that the mongoose owes its impunity from the bite of the most venomous of serpents to its knowledge of an herb which is an antidote to the poison, or whether, on the other hand, a prophylactic exists in the blood of this extraordinary animal, rendering it innocuous to the bite of a reptile fatal to all other animals, we have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever; but should it in the course of a fortnight show the slightest indisposition, we, in the cause of truth, will not fail to inform you. We consider, therefore, that there no longer exists a doubt that in the blood of the mongoose there is a prophylactic, and that the idea that it derives its impunity from an herb is one of many popular errors.

The Electric Light for Lighthouses.—A parliamentary paper, recently issued, contains further reports of Professor Faraday on the employment of the electric light at Dungeness. It has been on trial for nine months: failed only once for two minutes, another time for thirty seconds, and on a few other occasions for shorter intervals. Professor Faraday estimates the light to be eight times as intense as that of the Grisnel lighthouse, which is one of the most brilliant in sight of Dungeness. No reliable experiments have yet been made to ascertain the superior degree of power of the electric rays in penetrating a foggy atmosphere, which is a point of great importance. Regarding the question of cost, it appears, from the parliamentary returns, that the expenses incurred for the establishment of the apparatus at Dungeness amounted to £6,370, and the estimated charge for maintaining the